

The Sketch

No. 1122—Vol. LXXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



DEARER TO THE TSAR EVEN THAN THE INTERESTS OF SERVIA: HIS DAUGHTERS (STANDING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT), THE GRAND DUCHESSES MARIE, ANASTASIA, AND OLGA; (SITTING), THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA.

The Tsar's family consists of one son—his heir, the Tsarevitch, who was born in 1904—and four daughters. The eldest, the Grand Duchess Olga, was born at Tsarskoe Selo on November 3, 1895. She is Chief of the 3rd Regiment of Hussars, of Elisabethgrad. The Grand Duchess Tatiana, the second daughter, was born

at Peterhof on May 29, 1897. She is Chief of the 8th Regiment of Uhlans, of Vosnessensk. The Grand Duchess Marie was born at Peterhof on June 14, 1899; and the Grand Duchess Anastasia, at Peterhof, on June 5, 1901. The two younger daughters will probably be appointed Colonels-in-Chief of regiments in due course.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Egger.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



Littlehampton All Smiles.

Quite by accident, I saw the King's Fleet. My doctor had suggested—in the sinister way doctors have, as who should say, "Take my advice or not, just as you like; but your fate be on your own head if you don't"—a short run to the nearest point of the coast as the speediest cure for a slight attack of tonsilitis. The nearest point of the coast is Brighton, but I had been to Brighton rather too often for so brief a career; I decided, therefore, on Bognor, and went to Littlehampton.

(Here is one very obvious advantage of the new means of transit over the old. Once in the train for Anywhere, and you are bound to go to Anywhere. You cannot thrust your head out of the carriage window and tell the driver that you have changed your mind, and would prefer to be taken to Somewhere. But the motor-car, poor thing, has no redress. It starts off, gaily enough, for Somewhere. It takes all the right turnings, bravely breasts the hills, and has the back of the journey well broken. At that moment, the steering-wheel is suddenly turned left or right, and the poor creature, without being consulted at all on the matter, is compelled to take what appears to be the wrong road. However.)

At Littlehampton I proved that a warm welcome is not, of necessity, a friendly welcome. Littlehampton I found very warm—so warm that the hospitality of the place had overflowed into the smallest cupboard of the smallest cottage. Broad smiles greeted my offers of much gold for a bed for one night. Littlehampton's bread was buttered on both sides, and that was why Littlehampton smiled at my innocence.

Deceit of Pagham.

So we brewed tea in the street, and went on to Bognor. For some extraordinary reason, there was a vacant room in Bognor. I cannot fathom this mystery. The room was vacant when I arrived, and I promptly engaged it. Ten seconds later, four thousand people applied for that room and received the July-August smile. I had not telegraphed or telephoned. If you are a very deserving person, fairies do these things.

I lay at Bognor that night (and, incidentally, attended a performance of one of the best seaside concert-parties I have ever encountered). Mr. Wallis Arthur was the inspiring genius, and I congratulate him on hitting off to a nicety the tastes of the family public. The little hall was packed to the walls. Thanks to the still active fairies, who, in all probability, had never ceased reproaching themselves for being off duty when I arrived at Littlehampton, I bought the last two seats).

In the morning—Sunday morning—I set out for Selsey, taking Pagham on the way. Pagham is a deceptive place. On the map, it looks like the ideal village by the sea. (By the way, I have been searching for that village all the year, and am still searching). When you get to Pagham, however, you find a sweet little village, but no sea. My companion went for a walk and saw the sea, leaving me to look after the engine. As I have no passionate love for a seaside village without sea, I shall not acquire my seaside cottage at Pagham.

Thumb-Nail Por- trait of Selsey.

So to Selsey for lunch. Selsey may be roughly described as a settlement of cottage-bungalows and a large hotel. There is no railway-station at Selsey, the result being that everybody keeps some sort of a self-propelled vehicle. (I saw seven people on one cycle-car.) Every bungalow has its garage. You go down to bathe in a bathing-dress and a motor. You then fly along the sands in a sand-yacht, and return to your bungalow, I presume, by aeroplane. Such—and a picture-house—is Selsey.

We arrived at Chichester at five-fifteen. That is a bad time for arriving at Chichester. It is too late for tea and too early for dinner.

It is too late for the afternoon service at the Cathedral, and too early for the evening service. What to do? Go home? But how dull to arrive home for dinner on Sunday evening. I settled the question by turning the unfortunate car completely round and heading for Portsmouth.

And that was how I came to see the King's Fleet. I found it drawn up in the Solent—and out of it. Anything more formidable you could scarcely expect. "Had I a Fleet like that," I thought, "I would at once take possession of the world." It looked just like that. I am sure it must be just like that. Nobody could want more battle-ships, and destroyers, and submarines than I saw lurking in long sinister lines that Sunday evening.

Still, I am not an expert.

Driving Through Rain at Night.

Then it began to rain, and the fairies, those fair-weather friends, ran away and refused to do any more work. Perhaps they thought me silly to go to Portsmouth. Anyway, the rain came down in sheets, and I had nowhere to shelter my luckless car, much less to lay my own head. Every garage was full and every room was full. So we dined, listening to the drenching downpour and thinking, with shrinking, of the homeward road. Eighty miles in a torrent of rain, on a dark night, with an open car!

At nine o'clock we took in a supply of fuel, and started. The streets were flooded, and the roads had been converted into mountain-torrents. Yet there is something very delightful in driving through a storm. You must place the utmost reliance on your car. If your engine fails you, or your tyres fail you, or your lights fail you, there is not much for it, on such a night and at such an hour and on a Sunday, but to curl up under the hood and wait for the dawn. Indeed, we passed several cars that seemed to be camping out for the night by the roadside, and one that had left the road altogether and smashed itself into little pieces.

The fairies, after all, must have followed us, for at Godalming the roads were dry and the sky clear. A sleepy night-porter was knocked up at Guildford and made to provide refreshment, and the run home from Guildford was just a beautiful dream. Even the Dorking and Reigate road, that six-mile serpent of evil intent, had lost its terrors.

And that was how, quite by accident, I saw the King's Fleet.

Lord Sydenham on "The Chunnel."

I have received a very interesting little pamphlet entitled, "The Channel Tunnel: Military Aspect of the Question." The pamphlet contains verbatim reports of a meeting convened by the House of Commons Channel Tunnel Committee "for the purpose of hearing an address by Lord Sydenham of Coombe on the proposed Channel Tunnel, with special reference to the military considerations involved."

Lord Sydenham dealt, very neatly, with a number of objectors. There was the objector, for instance, who thought that a surprise seizure of our end of the tunnel would be effected by a body of armed men who had arrived at Dover as tourists, to await in scattered hotels and lodgings the signal for action.—Illustrations, please, Mr. Heath Robinson.

There was also the objector who saw a number of foreign soldiers, with rifles and ammunition concealed under their waterproofs, stepping off the boat and suddenly attacking the Dover Forts.—More illustrations, please, Mr. Heath Robinson.

The chief objection to the tunnel seems to be that it would enable a number of undesirable people to get *into* the country. That objection, in my mind, is quite outweighed by the advantage we should derive from the tunnel, inasmuch as a huge number of undesirable people would at once get *out* of the country, being now detained by dread of the Channel crossing. Close the tunnel, if you like, when they are out; but, at all costs, get 'em out!

THE "KIDLET" OF THE GREAT WILL CASE AT A FLOWER-SHOW.



LORD AND LADY SACKVILLE'S ONLY CHILD AND HER HUSBAND: MR. AND MRS. HAROLD NICOLSON.

It will be recalled that the Hon. Mrs. Harold Nicolson, formerly known as the Hon. Victoria Sackville-West, and among her intimates as "Kidlet," was concerned in the case last year regarding the £1,180,000 will of the late Sir John Murray Scott, which ended in favour of her parents, Lord and Lady Sackville. Her wedding to

Mr. Harold Nicolson, third son of Sir Arthur Nicolson, Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, took place in the private chapel at Lord Sackville's seat, Knole Park, on Oct. 1 last year. They spent part of their honeymoon as guests of Lord Kitchener at Cairo. The above photographs were taken recently at a flower-show at Sevenoaks.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.

QUITE AN EPIDEMIC OF CONJUGAL INFELICITY.



GRANTED A DECREE NISI: MRS. ERIC LODER (GABRIELLE RAY).



GRANTED A DECREE FOR RESTITUTION OR CONJUGAL RIGHTS: MRS. DUDLEY WARD (MISS MAIDIE HOPE).



MRS. ELIOT CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS LEAVING THE COURTS.



GRANTED A DECREE NISI: LADY JULIA AFFLECK, WIFE OF SIR ROBERT AFFLECK, LEAVING THE COURTS.



GRANTED A DECREE NISI: MRS. DELPHINE SASSOON, WIFE OF MR. W. H. A. SASSOON, LEAVING THE COURTS.

There was quite an epidemic of notable cases in the Divorce Court before Mr. Justice Baggallay last week. He granted a decree nisi for dissolution of marriage to Mrs. Eric Loder, formerly famous on the stage as Miss Gabrielle Ray; and a decree for restitution of conjugal rights on the petition of Mrs. Dudley Ward, also formerly well known in musical comedy as Miss Maidie Hope. To Mrs. Eliot Crawshaw-

Williams, wife of Mr. Crawshaw-Williams, formerly M.P. for Leicester, and recently a co-respondent in a notable divorce case, he granted a decree for restitution of conjugal rights. Lady Affleck obtained a decree nisi for the dissolution of her marriage to Sir Robert Affleck, and Mrs. Delphine Sassoon a decree nisi annulling her marriage to Mr. William H. A. Sassoon, of Grosvenor Place.

Photographs by Farrington Photo. Company, Alfieri, L.N.A., Topical, and International Illustrations.

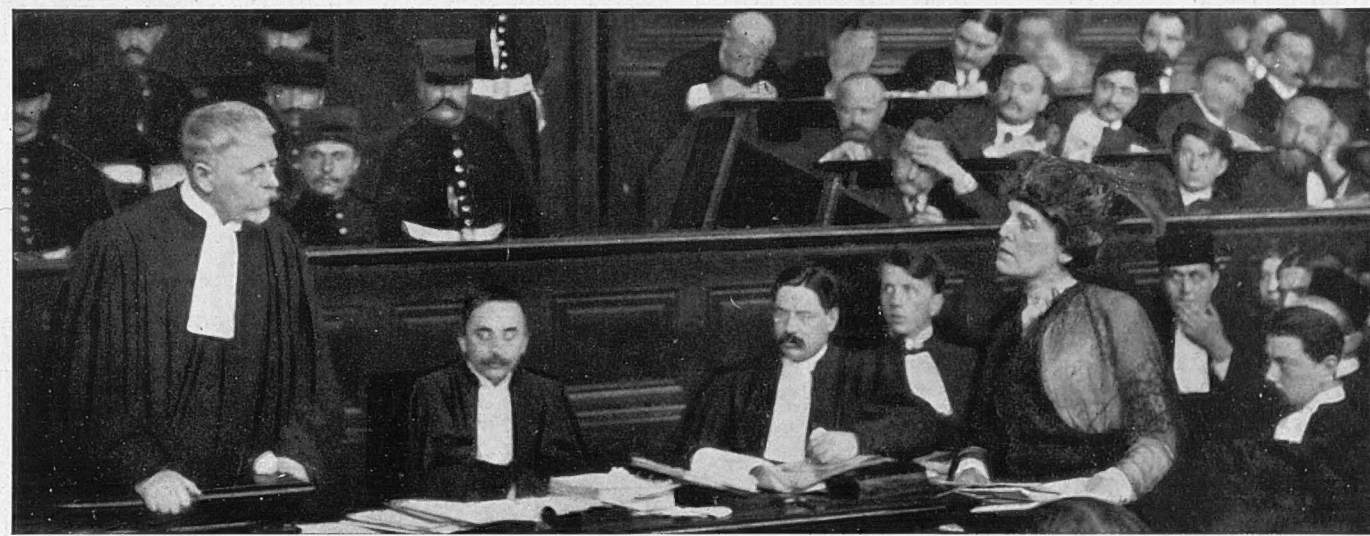
THE TWO WIVES FACE TO FACE: MME. CAILLAUX 1 AND 2.



M. CAILLAUX (X) DOES NOT RELISH THE REVELATIONS OF HIS FIRST WIFE, MME. GUEYDAN.



THE STRONGEST CHARACTER OF THE CAILLAUX DRAMA TRIAL: MME. GUEYDAN IN THE WITNESS-BOX.



THE SENSATIONAL MOMENT OF THE CAILLAUX TRIAL: MME. GUEYDAN ENTRUSTING THE FATAL LETTERS TO MAITRE LABORI, THE DEFENDING COUNSEL.



THE TWO WIVES SIDE BY SIDE: MME. CAILLAUX (X) AND MME. GUEYDAN (M. CAILLAUX'S FIRST WIFE).



RECALLING A LIFE THAT WAS ONCE HAPPY AND THEN MISERABLE: MME. GUEYDAN SIDE BY SIDE WITH M. CAILLAUX (MARKED WITH A CROSS) ONCE HER HUSBAND.

MORE LIKE A FINE PLAY THAN A MURDER TRIAL: THE MOST DRAMATIC MOMENT OF THE FRENCH LEGAL DRAMA ENTITLED "THE CAILLAUX TRIAL."

The trial of Mme. Caillaux for the murder of M. Gaston Calmette has been so dramatic in its incidents that it might well be called more like a play than a trial. The most sensational stage in the proceedings was reached when Mme. Gueydan, the former wife of M. Caillaux, was called to give evidence. In appearance she had much more the look of a tragedy-queen than has the present Mme. Caillaux, the prisoner in the

dock, and by her wordy duel with Judge and Counsel she showed herself a woman of strong character. What could be more dramatic than the scene in court, as shown in our photographs, when the ex-Premier's two wives (past and present) were within a few yards of each other and he himself was also close by, listening to revelations of his former days?

Photographs by Manuel.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Eighty-Six (April 8 to
July 1, 1914) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any
Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

IT is said that Mrs. W. K. Clifford's play, "A Woman Alone,"
was written with the intention of advocating a new view upon
the great question of sex-relations. The first act seems, apart
from a phrase or two, rather strongly to support the attitude of
the modern woman and her plea for independence. The second act
merely marks time. The third looks as if it had come from the
pen of another writer, with views utterly opposed to those of the
author of the first, for it presents the woman—a proud, independent
creature at the beginning of the play—grovelling before the mere
male, her husband, and imploring him to take her back on any terms,
however humiliating. In fact, the dramatist, as happens pretty
often, intended to write one play and wrote another. Consequently,
the first act will offend the old-fashioned male, and the third
exasperate the modern woman—I think I might go a little further,
and say, a woman of any period with a sense of dignity. No amount
of neat writing or clever thumb-nail sketches of character can render
such a work acceptable. We laughed at times, and were sympa-
thetically unhappy during some passages, but failed to believe in
the heroine or to take any interest in her husband, and when told
that he had written a brilliant book, sniffed scornfully, for he was
a dull dog, and a mannerless brute as well, and seemed as likely to
inspire prodigious passion as a periwinkle to excite a poet into
writing an epic. It is a curious fact that when the comparatively
inexperienced dramatist writes a play with a purpose he generally
fails to write a play at all. Miss Lillemor Halforsen represented
the beautiful Austrian wife very ably; she possesses the beauty,
and under the circumstances her accent did not matter. She has
real ability as an actress, if inclined to be a little monotonous.
Miss Faith Celli played quite charmingly as an amiable friend.
Mr. Hubert Harben acted very cleverly a comic philosopher; and
there were skilful pieces of character by Mr. Frank Forbes Robertson
and Mr. Miles Malleon.

The censorship of plays being now in new hands, it would be
unfair to the present occupants of the office to speak of Mr. J. T.
Grein's celebration of his triumph over them when he produces
"Ghosts" and "Monna Vanna" for the first time in public. They
share in a triumph over the foolishness of past Censors; and that
foolishness was never so strikingly illustrated as in the case of
Maeterlinck's play, which has lately been appearing at three
matinées at the Queen's Theatre. Some years ago it was played in
semi-privacy at the Court; and the impression left is that it would
never have obtained so great a reputation had the Censors not thought
fit to regard it as improper. It has its fine scenes and a poetic beauty
of expression, and it gives opportunities for impressive acting; but
it is diffuse, and the behaviour of its characters is open to criticism
from the point of view of common-sense. Prinzivalle the conqueror
would surely not have imposed so great an indignity upon a woman
whom he truly loved: the real story is one of a barbaric warrior
who had no love for his victim at all, and only relented at the last
moment; and the author allowed his poetic instinct to lead him
into improbabilities. The acting on this revival was vigorous and
powerful, but lacking in inspiration. Mr. Lionel Atwill, as Prinzi-
valle, was curiously modern; Mr. Norman McKinnel put tremendous
energy into the part of the wrathful husband; and Miss Constance
Collier played Giovanna with dignity and grace; but they never were
quite what the situation seemed to require. Mr. Fisher White, as
the old father, could hardly have been better.

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch,"
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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and
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A SPOILT SEASON: THE PROBLEM OF "CLOSING TIME": JOURNALISTS CHALLENGED TO DUELS.

The Suffragettes' Season.

The end of the season has come with Goodwood Week—a season that has been to a great extent spoiled by Court mourning, the activities of the Militant Suffragettes, and the troubles of the Stock Exchange. From all sides I hear complaints from the people who make hay when the social sun shines that money has not been spent open-handedly this summer. Ladies tell me that their dressmakers are in despair because ladies of title, instead of buying new dresses, are making their last season's gowns do duty again after a transformation at their dressmakers' hands. Hotel-keepers are also making complaint that the strangers who come to London to see the sights have been, this year, the veriest birds of passage, for when they have found that our palaces and picture-galleries, our

doors. One of the greatest of Berlin's physicians endorses enthusiastically the Minister's ukase, saying that to go to bed comparatively early is the only possible cure for the nerve-wracked Berliners. That the stolid Teuton should have become a person of nerves under the influence of night life is a very curious transformation.

An Uneasy Throne.

The little Shah of Persia, a boy of fifteen, a grave little man who wept bitterly some five years ago when he was told that he was to rule over Persia, has been formally crowned and has mounted the throne of one of the most uneasy kingdoms in the world—Albania standing an easy first in the list of disturbed sovereignties. Shah Ahmed Mirza has been duly preached at by the Court Seyyid, and no doubt the Poet Laureate has composed some exceptionally beautiful poems for the occasion, though even a Poet Laureate would hardly tell him, as he told his father, that the ruler's beneficent power would prevent any injustice being done in his realm, and that while he reigned no eagle would dare to swoop down upon a partridge.

An Uncomfortable Journalistic Innovation.

The German journalists in Paris have gone through, of late, some very uncomfortable moments in receiving challenges to fight duels from MM. de Cassagnac, the well-known Parisian journalists. An Alsatian man of letters has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for his writing, and MM. de Cassagnac are taking their revenge on Germany by challenging, one after another, all the German correspondents in Paris and sending them their seconds. The seconds of the German correspondents have, in most cases, pointed out that their principal takes no share in



THE CHAMPION WOMAN SWIMMER AS SURF-BATHER: MISS LILY SMITH (ON THE RIGHT) AND HER TWO SISTERS AT RAMSGATE.

In our illustration Miss Lily Smith, the champion woman swimmer, is shown with her sisters enjoying a surf-bathe at Ramsgate.—[Photograph by Siminon.]

museums and our cathedrals, are either closed or can only be entered under restrictions, they move on elsewhere where the dread of the Militants is not upon the cities.

The Restaurants and Theatres Suffer.

When the bright young men who make their living by the fractions after the figures in the Stock Exchange list have their pockets full of money, the restaurants and the theatres both share in the golden shower that falls from their hands after business hours. That most of the young gentlemen who are "something in the City" are suffering from a prolonged emptiness of the pocket accounts partly for the many shipwrecks of the theatrical season, for tightness in the City means an emptiness in the stalls, while the cinema theatres are drawing away pit and gallery audiences. If the shareholders of restaurants receive this year smaller dividends than usual, they can divide the blame between the causes that have tended to a depression in "the markets" and to the night clubs—those buccaneers of the gastronomic world which bid theatre-goers to come and sup after the hours at which the restaurants are closed.

An Example to Berlin.

By the irony of fate, just when the restaurateurs of London are putting up an exceeding bitter cry that their trade is being taken away from them because they are compelled to close before their customers who have been to theatres can finish their suppers, the Wise Men of Berlin are holding up as an example to be followed the hours that London keeps, and the Prussian Minister of the Interior has issued an order that the restaurants and cafés in Berlin are all to close at 2 a.m. As this is the hour at which practically all London clubs, except the night clubs, close, it appears to a London clubman to be a very sensible hour at which a city should go to bed; but the Berlin restaurateurs consider it a ridiculously early time for shutting their



FINE FIGURES OF WOMEN: TWO SISTERS OF MISS LILY SMITH, THE CHAMPION WOMAN SWIMMER (ONE AT EITHER END OF THE GROUP) WITH OTHER BATHERS AT RAMSGATE.—[Photograph by Siminon.]

the politics of France, and contents himself with chronicling in friendly guise the happenings that go on under his eyes, and this any court of honour would hold to be a perfectly valid excuse for not fighting gentlemen with whom they have no personal quarrel. One German correspondent, who is said to have made a personal appeal to MM. de Cassagnac not to challenge him to a duel, has ceased to be on the staff of the German paper he represented. Such a series of incidents in the world of journalism has probably never happened before in any capital. Amongst soldiers it would be no new thing, for after the fall of Napoleon I. many ex-officers of the French Imperial Army sought out officers of the Allied Forces in Paris and insulted them with the purpose of drawing them into duels. Very stringent orders on the subject of duelling were issued as a consequence of this by the Duke of Wellington and by the commanders of the other allied armies.

AN ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW WITH—POTASH OFF THE STAGE.

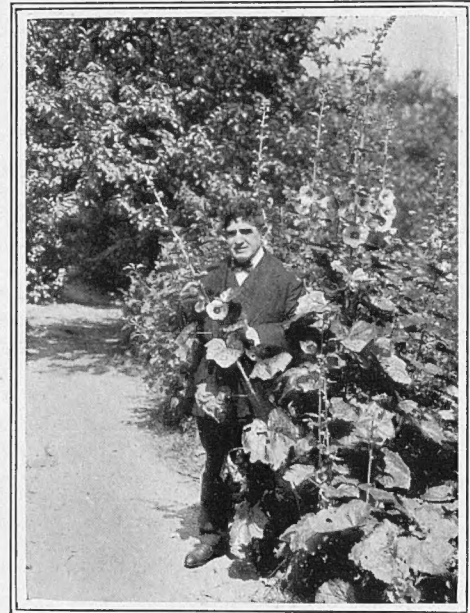
MR. AUGUSTUS YORKE IN PRIVATE LIFE.



NOTHING LIKE "A FIFTEEN-DOLLAR OILER-MOBILE RIDE" AFTER AN AFTERNOON'S WORK.



FISHING, I DON'T THINK, WITH A TWIG AND A BENT PIN.



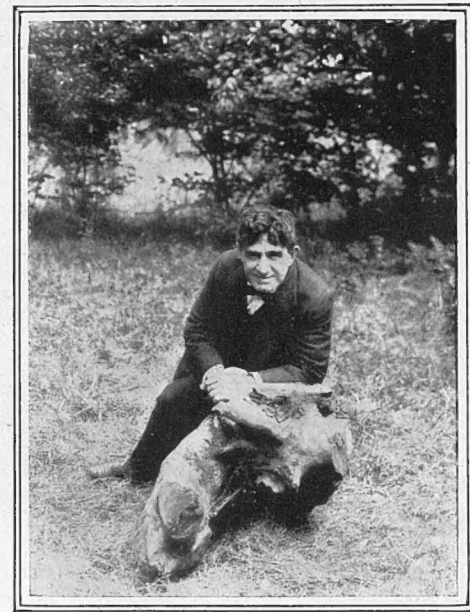
HOLLYHOCKS MAKE ME AN ELEGANT SETTING, AIN'T IT?



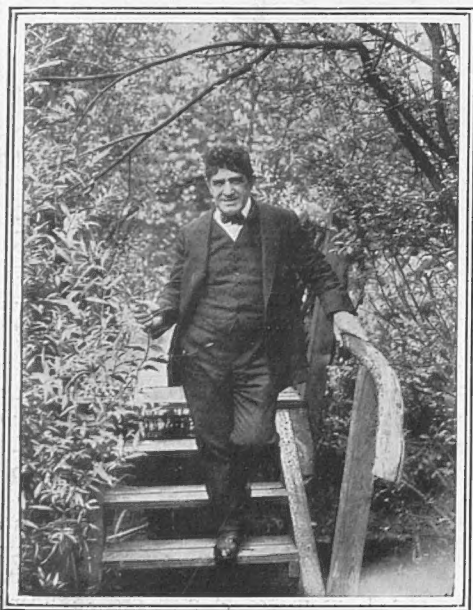
I CAN PLAY JUST AS WELL IN THIS AS ON THE PRETTY!



MY SEVENTH SHOT, AND HAVEN'T HIT IT YET! NOT MUCH CLASS AT GOLF, AS YOU CAN SEE.



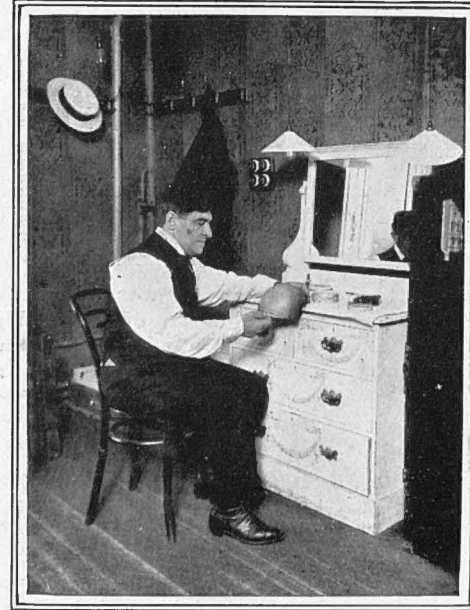
BETTER THAN GOLF ANY DAY: PEACE AND QUIET IS WHAT I LIKE.



PERHAPS YOU LIKE THIS SETTING BETTER THAN THE HOLLYHOCKS.



OFF AGAIN TO BE POTASH ONCE MORE.



THIS IS WHERE PERLMUTTER HAS ALL THE LUCK—HE CAN HAVE HIS OWN HAIR ON HIS HEAD.

We have had so many inquiries as to what those creators of the two masterpieces of stage-characterisation, Potash and Perlmutter, are like in the flesh, that we have induced Mr. Augustus Yorke, who takes the part of Abe Potash, and Mr. Robert Leonard, who takes the part of Mawruss

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

[Continued opposite.]

AN ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW WITH—PERLMUTTER "OFF."

MR. ROBERT LEONARD IN PRIVATE LIFE.



WHAT MY FRIEND YORKE SAYS, I SAY, BUT HE'S FORGOTTEN TO MENTION THE SHEFFIELD-SIMPLEX.



I'VE GOT TO DO THIS ROTTEN FISHING JUST BECAUSE ABE POTASH DOES IT.



HOLLYHOCKS MAY SUIT ABE: IT'S NOT MUCH OF A SETTING FOR ME.



AGAIN, I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULD BE IN THE ROUGH JUST BECAUSE ABE IS.



IT ONLY TAKES SIX FOR ME TO HIT THE BALL; THAT'S WHERE I GET UP ON ABE.



FOR ONCE I AGREE WITH MY PARTNER. REST HAS ITS ADVANTAGES.



WHICH DO YOU LIKE BEST ON THE BRIDGE—ABE OR MAWRUSS?

Continued.]



GOOD-BYE! SEE YOU AT THE QUEEN'S.



THAT'S THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING THE JUNIOR PARTNER! NO BALD HEADS FOR ME.

Perlmutter, to sit for these photographs which form an illustrated interview with the two actors. It will be seen that the partners have chosen in every instance to be photographed on exactly the same spot and in the same way.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

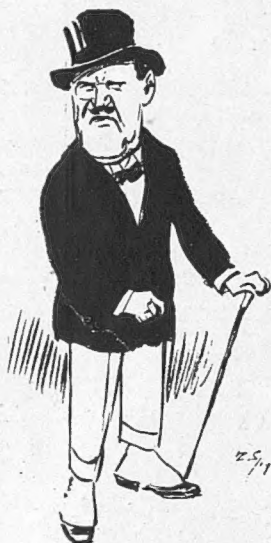


THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

THE VERY INCOMPLEAT ANGLER AND THE BURLINGTON ARCADIAN AT THE COLISEUM.

What's in a Name?

Went to the London Coliseum on Friday (the hottest day of the year) to see"—don't be afraid, rare reader, that these articles are going to be written in diary form: when I read other people's copy done in that way, I quickly get "fed up." Besides, I don't think it was on a Friday, and cannot remember which day it was. But why on earth do they call it the Coliseum? That question haunted me during the whole evening, and drove me on my return to searching dictionaries, etc. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" ignores the word, and so did other works, but I guessed the secret: they insist on spelling it as *Colosseum*. Upon a mere point of spelling, I am dumb. I can't spell, and that fact gives me no concern at all; I regard spelling as the printer's job. What is the connection in idea between the Colosseum (or Coliseum) and the great Flavian Amphitheatre in Rome? There is no exterior or interior resemblance in building, and very little in entertainment. The establishment connected with the famous phrase, "panem et circenses" gave very different kinds of shows from those that crowd the house in London. "Canem et circenses" would be more appropriate for the programme, which the other night introduced "Lipinski's Dog Comedians." You may ask, "Why 'the Palladium' as the title of the establishment now in Argyll Street?" and I give it up at once. What the ancient image of Pallas Athene has got to do with the matter, I can't guess; and certainly Palladio, the sixteenth-century Italian architect, is quite irrelevant. And as for the metal named Palladium, that, of course, is quite out of the question. You may say, "What's in a name," but please remember that the name of the author of that phrase has been one of the biggest bones of contention in modern times. To return to St. Martin's Lane. Although it was the hottest evening of the year, I found what the poker-player likes—"a full house." With a "quid" per "nob" of the audience of that night, one could run the modern drama for some months. The spectators seemed to enjoy themselves greatly. For lack of space, I was put in row "A," within scratching distance of the orchestra. I rather like that sort of seat, though my ears get distressed occasionally. I prefer to be near one of those noblemen who work an instrument of a retiring



THE "KNUT" AS A SHOPMAN: G. P. HUNTLEY AS A "BURLINGTON ARCADIAN" AT THE COLISEUM.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

player's score and notice that he has not anything to do for, say, forty-four bars, and then only to utter a couple of grunts. I wait and wait, wondering whether he will come in on time, and inclined to lay a bit of odds against him.

The Very Incomplete Angler.

A big programme; the best items, to my taste, being the "turns" by Miss Margaret Cooper and Mr. G. P. Huntley. A great favourite, Miss Cooper, who, after singing with much intensity and skill a very sentimental ballad, proceeded to give us two nicely comic songs—"Ellen" and "What Has it Got to Do With You?"—singing with abundance of skill and humour, and accompanying herself in a masterly way. However, before Mr. Huntley, we had Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Miss Doris Lytton in a sketch called "The Compleat Angler." Shades of Izaak Walton, what an incomplete angler! Mr. Hawtrey went coarse-fishing with a fly-rod, and used a pike-float and a worm, but no cast and no lead. And there are phrases in the piece which suggested that the authors knew something about fishing. The only thing the angler would have been likely to catch was a duck—and he did in the pretty form of Miss Doris Lytton, who is quite a duck, and played charmingly as the young woman who made frantic efforts, finally successful, to catch a middle-aged, lazy glutton of a diplomatist. Quite funny, the little piece, at times, particularly when Mr. Hawtrey tried to look intellectual. Of course, there is a Russian ballet. What frauds the newspapers are! They persist in reporting news from Russia, although we know quite well that the whole of the populace of that vast land is at present in London making a fortune in the Ballet business, and driving our newspapermen to frantic prodigies of weird word-painting. I am told that, except the Tsar and half-a-dozen officials, there is not a man, woman, or child left in the country. Mme., or Miss, or Frau., or whatever it is—I didn't know till after writing what you ought to put by way of politeness in front of Russian names—Alexandra Fedorowa, from the Imperial Opera House, and her companions delighted the audience by their dances, which, however, seemed to me to suggest Milan, rather than Moscow.



"THE COMPLEAT ANGLER" WHO ONLY CAUGHT A WIFE: MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AT THE COLISEUM.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



"CANEM ET CIRCENSES": LIPINSKI'S DOG COMEDIANS AT THE COLISEUM.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

character—a brass machine that looks large enough and sufficiently complicated to do the whole piece by itself, yet is generally employed for mere occasional grunts. It is quite thrilling to look at the

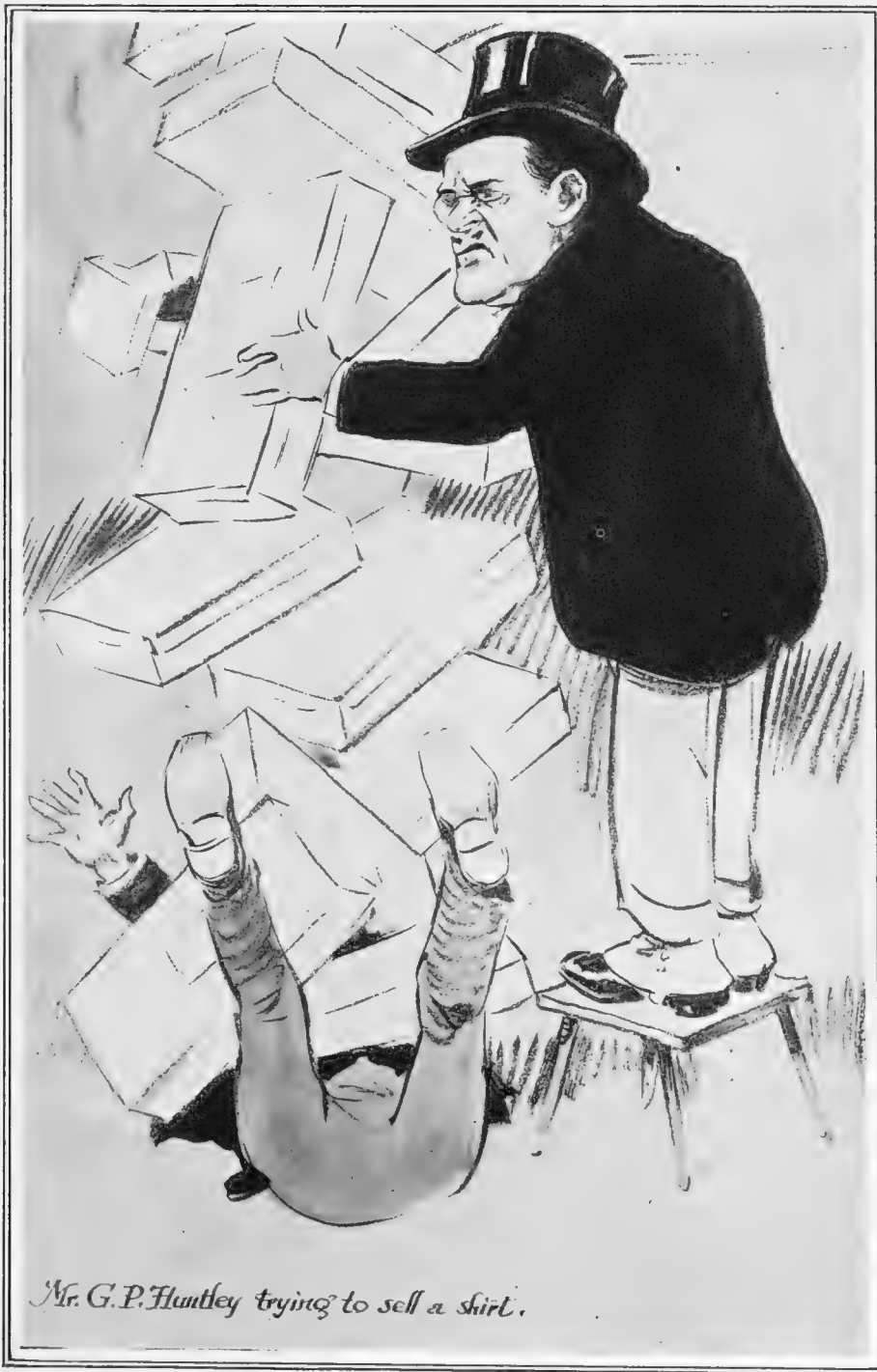
The Great "G. P." Then came Mr. Huntley, who is one of those people who always make you laugh as soon as they come on the stage, which is a grand thing for us, though it would be awkward for him if he wanted to play tragedy—indeed, I earnestly advise him never to attempt Macbeth or Othello, or even Romeo. I don't feel so sure about Hamlet. His thoughtful, meditative style might suit that philosophic young gentleman—indeed, he would be a better Hamlet than some that I might name. His sketch called "A Burlington Arcadian" presents Mr. Huntly as an amateur shopkeeper, in which capacity he causes roars of laughter by quite legitimate means. Mr. George de Lara, as the man who wants to buy the shirt, is diverting, and "fed" Mr. Huntly very well. Mr. Huntly certainly takes the Palmer—which is a foolish kind of joke I would not venture upon in dealing with serious drama. "And so home on Wednesday evening through the heated streets, on the hottest night of the year, thinking with not a little wonder, but also something rather like discomfort, what an entertainment-loving people we have become."

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: TURNS AT THE COLISEUM.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF RUSSIAN DANCING: ALEXANDRA FEDOROWA IN THE "PAS DE TROIS."



Mr. G. P. Huntley trying to sell a shirt.



Mr. Charles Hawtrey as the Hon. Wylie Wallon.

TONY SARG

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER AND THE BURLINGTON ARCADIAN: CHARLES HAWTREY AS A VERY INCOMPETENT FISHERMAN AND G. P. HUNTLEY AS AN AMATEUR HOSIER.

In "The Compleat Angler," Charlie Hawtrey goes fishing, but is "hooked" himself by Miss Doris Lytton after many struggles. G. P. Huntley, in "A Burlington Arcadian," is a young man-about-town who has taken a hosiery-shop—the only

choice given him by his relatives being to keep a shop or chickens in order to "soothe his nerves." Alexandra Fedorowa, from the Imperial Opera House, St. Petersburg, gives a dancing turn.—[CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.]



THE MARQUESS OF ORMONDE.

AT the end of the week the Cowes crowd will be gathering. Prince Henry of Prussia, having arrived in his yacht *Carmen*, will change his bunk for a bed at Solent Lodge. Later, the *Victoria* and *Albert* will take up its usual moorings in the Roads, and Solent Lodge will be further honoured. For a short time the Lodge and the Club House will be the centre of the sailing or—as the Commodore is inclined to put it, as being synonymous—of the civilised world.

The R.Y.S.

The Royal Yacht Squadron flourishes under Lord Ormonde. Though it has passed through the same phases and difficulties as Ascot and the Enclosure, it is now in more or less good trim. At one time its lawns were swept too clean—that is to say, nobody seemed to be allowed to pass the gates: it was not only a question of "Don't walk on the grass," but of "Keep outside." The R.Y.S. did really block the way and spoil the view. Then came the time when, as Lady Randolph Churchill complains, it resembled a perpetual garden-party, supplied with a perpetual crowd from the glorified villas round the corner.

Set Fair and the Fair Set.

Over forty years ago, when Cowes was delightfully small and peaceful, when there was no esplanade, no niggers, and no motors, when royalty could walk the town without being put upon "the pictures," the Week had a character of its own. And despite the esplanade and "the pictures," the Marquess of Ormonde is recovering some of that old character. The R.Y.S. Castle balls, that used to be a feature in old days (and at one of which, by the way, Lady Randolph first met the First Lord's father), are not likely to be revived; they would lie somewhat outside the Commodore's sphere of interest and activity. But as a sailor with a keen sense of the proprieties and technique of yachting, no less than as a man of the world, he has been able to re-create the right atmosphere at Cowes. He has whistled for fair winds, and got them.

The Marquess and the Others.

One is tempted to speak of the Marquess of Ormonde as if he were a typical yachtsman. The steady figure, the steadier eye under the peaked cap, the bland voice, and the frank shake of a hand that has caught something both of the roughness of ropes and the polish of old oak—in these things he conforms to the type. But if he is typical, other famous yachtsmen are proved not to be so, for in many respects the Marquess is unlike them all. He has little in common with Lord Dunraven, and nothing at all in common with Sir Thomas Lipton; Lord de la Warr, whose *Sumurun* was winning all last week's races, is of entirely another mould; and if we compare the Commodore with a fellow Irishman and sailor, Lord Charles Beresford, we get the most striking dissimilarity of all. When Lord Charles is not recklessly amiable, he is reckless in the other direction: the

Marquess of Ormonde's art (and in his case art and nature meet) is to keep the balance even.

In Early Days.

He did not, like Shelley, spend his spare hours as a boy in sailing paper-boats; at Harrow, where they are not fond of make-believe, he attended to the ordinary business of cricket and other field sports, and in 1863 joined the 1st Life Guards. For ten years he stayed with his regiment, and afterwards did Yeomanry work in Kent for another ten. He is Hereditary Chief Butler for Ireland; and in the family sense also is the Head Butler of them all. At Kilkenny, as at Cowes, he has, with the assistance of Lady Ormonde, entertained their Majesties. The assistance of Lady Ormonde (who is an aunt of the Duke of Westminster) is never more valuable than during the Week, for she is an accomplished sailor and most charming hostess.

Another Ormonde.

At Kilkenny Castle the Marquess keeps the family papers, and among them the correspondence of the first Duke of Ormonde—"that illustrious cavalier," as Macaulay calls him, or, as we should say, that great "sport." That was at a time when deer, fox, and hare were hunted day in and day out with the same hounds, because it was found that the pack was "fitter to holde each chase fore being habituated to all"; and when good shots were content to limit their game-bags to four brace a day, in order to lengthen out sport through the winter; and when the Duke's friend his Majesty King Charles II. preferred hawking to the hunting of hares with Will Chiffinch and his "little devil-black beagles."

Cowes and Horses.

The papers at Kilkenny Castle afford a wonderfully intimate picture of men and beasts in the seventeenth century. We learn about the "famous, beautiful 'Burnett,' who serves to pick up Gloucestershire Plates (of which we have abundance), and gets finer foals than which never any stallion yet got, and is allowed by all Newmarketarians as the handsomest horse now in England"; also about the "flea-bitten gelding which cost fifty guineas and is exactly sound and the pleasant-

est beast to carry one a-hunting I ever crossed for months, easy-going, safe, and sure-leaping." Lord Ormonde, if only for old association's sake, would willingly find stable-room for the flea-bitten gelding, though his one fault was that he could endure no more than two days' full hunting a week without losing too much flesh. Lord Ormonde is Irish enough to care for horses, though, officially, yachting is his only recreation.



LEADER OF THE GREAT WORLD AT COWES REGATTA: THE MARQUESS OF ORMONDE (ON THE RIGHT).

The Marquess of Ormonde is Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron and Vice-Admiral of Leinster, and he has been famous as a yachtsman for many years. As Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron he is the leader of Society at Cowes during the Regatta Week. In our illustration, he is seen at the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle with Mr. T. H. S. Pasley, M.V.O., the secretary.

Photograph by Sport and General.



ENTERTAINING THE GREAT WORLD AT COWES: THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF ORMONDE.

In addition to being a great yachtsman, Lord Ormonde is also a great landowner. In England he owns about 2500 acres, but in Ireland he has 24,000 acres. He is the twenty-seventh Hereditary Chief Butler of Ireland, and is the third Marquess of Ormonde. Lady Ormonde was formerly Lady Elizabeth Grosvenor, daughter of the first Duke of Westminster, and aunt of the present Duke. They have entertained the King and Queen both at Cowes and at Kilkenny Castle.—[Photograph by Kirk, Cowes.]

THE UNDER-SEA "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



NOT A "COMMON OR GARDEN" GARDEN: ONE OF NEPTUNE'S HERBACEOUS BORDERS.



GOING TO TELL THE FISHES TO SMILE NICELY: THE CAMERA-MAN DESCENDS THE SUBMERSIBLE TUBE.



PLAYING SCRAMBLE-COPPERS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA: A SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPH.



SNAPPER SNAPPED: "GRUNTS" AND "GREY-SNAPPERS" NIBBLING AT BAIT.



PREPARING TO "BAIT" MR. SHARK: HORSE (DEAD) AND MAN (ALIVE).



FAR MORE THRILLING THAN ANY BOXING MATCH: A DIVER KNIFING A SHARK IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.



RUINED BY HIS FATAL APPETITE FOR DEAD HORSE: A SHARK PHOTOGRAPHED UNDER WATER.

Some of the most wonderful photographs that have ever been taken appeared in "The Illustrated London News" of July 25, and by courtesy of that paper some of the most remarkable are here reproduced. They are nothing less than parts of a cinematograph film taken under water—the first of its kind. It sounds incredible, but it is true, nevertheless. This submarine photography is done by means of a

special vessel, called the "Jules Verne," and apparatus invented by the late Mr. Charles Williamson and now run by his sons, who are seen in Photograph No. 2, with the operator, Mr. Carl Gregory. He is shown descending a long, submersible tube, which is let down through the "Jules Verne" into the sea, and has a chamber at the bottom with a window and a strong light above the field of vision.

Photographs by Courtesy of the "Scientific American" and Mr. Frank Holmes.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

GOODWOOD means a great week at Petworth House, and Lord and Lady Leconfield have asked a number of people to stay there for the Races. The house is big enough for a regiment; but Lady Leconfield draws the line at an ordinary "large party" of a dozen or more friends. She has had only a couple of years in which to become acquainted with the premises, the six hundred pictures, the library, and the thirteen miles of park: and she may still be a little vague as to the capacity of her larders and linen-cupboards. In any case, vast house-parties are not the fashion. People, however large their dwelling, are always worrying about getting one more guest, or one less, than the unlucky thirteen—instead of calculating in tens and twenties.

have recognised her for one of the brilliant sisters of a famous Wertheimer picture.

An Argyll Shooting.

This year the Duke of Argyll will use his Ardnacross shootings himself instead of letting them. The late Duke cared neither for large

parties of friends nor a large staff of servants, with the result that the ducal grouse have not been bagged by a ducal party for nearly forty years. The indifference of the native to the advantages of his own surroundings used to give the Stock Exchange its chance. The City man, like the American, is much more eager than most Scots for the moors—at any rate, for a few weeks in the year; but in this case he is up against an enthusiasm as strong as his own.

A Leading Light of the N.S.C.

The view, strongly supported

in the highest quarters, that boxing is a game for the seclusion of barracks or a sporting club, is also Count Hollender's. He, of all people, is a specialist; and he believes that specialists, and specialists only, should hold the ring. He was very far from being responsible for the presence of ladies, or even of one lady, at Olympia. Like Mr. Corri and other leading boxing experts, Count Hollender has a name with a slightly foreign sound to it, but his record, which includes Harrow and the Boer War, is sufficiently English. In South Africa he got, for mementos, a wound and a sjambok. The sjambok is carried as a walking-stick; but he is the last man in London ever to need so formidable a weapon. He has his fists.

The Unmistakable. The arrival of Lord Acton's beard was wholly unexpected, and the evening paper that gives it a heading of its own on the news-page displays a proper sense for the sensational. But in other respects Lord Acton is the same—still suave and smart, a man of many and incomparable waistcoats. And he will still be recognised by everybody with an eye for the cut of a coat. Once when he was at The Hague he was greeted in the street by a friend (and one he had not seen for several years), who ran up from behind and slapped him on the back without so much as looking at his face. "How did you make sure of me after so long? Suppose you had slapped the wrong man?" asked Lord Acton. "By the fit of your shoulders," said the other. "Besides, there's not another pair of breeches like yours in Europe."

Lady Barlow's Peace-Maker.

Lady Barlow and 10, Carlton House Terrace are on the side of the angels. At her party the other night Lord and Lady

Beauchamp, Lord and Lady Brassey, Lord Portsmouth (looking, at any rate, like a bel-ligerent), Lord and Lady Cowdray, Lord and Lady Weardale, Lord and Lady Bryce, and many more were all asked to meet the pacifist, Mr. Norman Angell. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw were also present, and so was Colonel Seely—as if to live down his old connection with wars and the War Office.

The Real Thing.

After Goodwood, Lord Leconfield will make ready for shooting at the place he has just bought for its grouse. An admirable shot and rider to hounds, he is, before most things, a sportsman. Thus in some senses Petworth and its gardens are lost on him. As he once confessed, he hardly knows the difference between a rose and a geranium. Among his pictures, however, he makes a very shrewd cicerone, and leaves it to visitors to make little errors among the Petworth treasures. In the carved dining-room is a Henry VIII. by Holbein: "And now, ladies and gentlemen," said the guide deputed by Lord Leconfield to do the honours of the house when it is thrown open to tourists, "you all know who our friend here is." "Yes," came a Cockney girl's confident answer, "that's Mr. Bouchier, at His Majesty's."

The Wrong Box.

The Russian Ballet is getting to know its audience; it manages to spy Mr. Asquith somewhere at the rear of his box even when he is invisible to the rest of the house. But it does not always know how to place its bows. The other night the performers persistently curtsied in the wrong direction. The Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Westminster, and the German Ambassador (a strong trio) were all in one box, but by some mistake the corresponding box on the other side of the house, occupied by three unknown gentlemen from Chicago, was favoured by the special attention of the performers, and by Karsavina's prettiest smiles.

"How Russian!" "How Russian!" was the half-reproving comment of a member of a little group of people cooling themselves under the portico of Drury Lane Theatre between the acts on a hot night, and watching a woman in black and gold smoking a cigarette as she leaned against a column. The figure in black and gold was alone; she smoked in composure, though conscious that the eyes of stallholders and cabbies were equally watchful. But her cigarette did not, as it happens, denote a Russian: anybody familiar with one of the greatest of Sargent's canvases might



TO MARRY MISS HAZEL CADELL ON THE 30TH: MR. GEOFFREY CHANCE.

Mr. Geoffrey Barrington Chance is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Chance, of Burghfield, Berks.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MR. REGINALD BONSOR: MISS NANCY WALROND.

Miss Walrond is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Walrond, and is a niece of Lord Waleran. Mr. Bonsor is a son of Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, M.P.

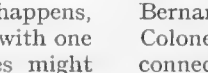
Photograph by Lallie Charles.



TO MARRY MAJOR DUDLEY BLOIS, R.F.A.: MISS GEORGIANA DOMVILLE.

Miss Domville is the second daughter of Admiral Sir Compton Domville, G.C.B., G.C.V.O. Major Blois is a son of the late Sir John Blois, Bt., and the Dowager Lady Blois.

Photograph by Bassano.



TO MARRY MISS MARGARET LYTTLTON ON THE 30TH: MR. LANCELOT BECHER.

Mr. Lancelot Becher, of the Royal Engineers, is the son of the late Mr. John Becher and Mrs. Becher, of Southwell.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MR. GEOFFREY CHANCE ON THE 30TH: MISS HAZEL CADELL.

Miss Hazel Cadell, is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Cadell, of Castle Douglas.

Photograph by Sarony.



TO MARRY MISS PHYLLIS DULCE CAMERON: CAPTAIN H. F. SALT.

Captain H. F. Salt, R.A., is the youngest son of the late Sir Thomas Salt, Bt., and Lady Salt.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MR. LANCELOT BECHER ON THE 30TH: MISS MARGARET LYTTLTON.

Miss Margaret Lyttelton is the only daughter of the late Hon. Arthur Lyttelton, Bishop of Southampton.

Photograph by Swaine.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA: AT HOME AND ABROAD.



1. A VERY FRIENDLY CROWN PRINCE! THE KAISER'S HEIR WITH HIS TENNIS PARTNERS AT ZOPPOT, DURING THE RECENT SPORTS WEEK.
3. LEAVING ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, AFTER THEIR WEDDING: MR. EVERARD MEYNELL (THIRD SON OF THE LATE HON. F. MEYNELL) AND MRS. MEYNELL, NÉE MISS ROSE BULTEEL.

The Crown Prince of Germany, who is an enthusiastic tennis-player, took a prominent part in the Sports Week at Zoppot.—Whilst ballooning from Farnborough towards London, Lady Bridget Coke and the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Ward were lost in the clouds. In descending to find their whereabouts, they dropped into the firing-line at Bisley.—Miss Rose Bulteel, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Bulteel, was married at

2. DROPPED INTO THE FIRING LINE: LADY BRIDGET COKE AND THE HON. MRS. CYRIL WARD, WHOSE BALLOON FELL INTO THE FIRING LINE AT BISLEY.
4. CAPTURED BY AMERICA FOR FIVE YEARS: MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY WITH HER FATHER (MR. FRED TERRY), MOTHER, AND BROTHER.

St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Mr. Everard Meynell, third son of the late Hon. Frederick Meynell and Lady Mary Meynell.—Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, seen on the left in our photograph, has signed a contract to go to America as leading lady for five years. She opens in New York as Viola in "Twelfth Night" in November. She will be allowed to come home for a holiday for six months every year.—[Photographs by L.N.A., Topical, and P.I.C.]



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

"THE manager was found guilty of fraud in connection with the bank's business, and sentenced to seven years' rigorous imprisonment. The judge, in passing the verdict, remarked that it was impossible to conceive a more serious criminal breach of trust."

The judge is there to administer the law as it stands, the governor of the jail that will receive this unfortunate bank manager has necessarily to carry out the system of which he is the representative, the warders have to do their jobs. And all to what end? When this our brother comes out of prison he will be a broken man, his health will be seriously undermined, his spirit crushed, his mind weakened. I know nothing of his case, but I find myself hoping that as he has committed a breach of trust unsurpassed in all the annals of criminal jurisprudence (what sententious nonsense even a judge can talk!), and as he has been caught, exposed, and is to be "rigorously imprisoned" for seven years—as society, in fact, is revenging itself, is exacting its pound of flesh—I find myself hoping that he has something put by from the proceeds of his roguery, something to warm and feed him in the last years of his already ended life. For when those seven years have passed what will be left for this man to do? Who will give him another chance? Who will take the view that by serving his period of rigorous imprisonment he has purged his crime and stands therefore equal with the rest of us?

"Equal with the rest of us"! Some reader protests. The man has been a criminal. Look at his record. How can we trust him? Of course. I wouldn't trust him myself. But what is this rigorous punishment for? Is it actually to punish or is it to cure? What is all punishment for? What is the good of sending a man to prison for seven years any way? How likely is it that he'll come out a better man than when he went in? It is not at all likely. That being so, why send him to prison at all? Why not argue with him, reason with him? Why not convict him in his own soul of his sin, of its stupidity, of its inconvenience, of its unfriendliness? Make him see (if you can) that the world has treated him fairly from his birth

and that it is his duty to treat the world fairly, that there is such a thing as a social contract.

What do we do if our errand-boy is proved to have stolen a half-a-crown out of the till? Do we send immediately for a policeman? Yes, the bitter among us, and the fools. But the rest call the boy to their rooms and explain to him frankly that he has made an ass of himself, that the course of conduct he's embarked on will land him in jail and that later on he will shiver on the Embankment through long winter nights—and then we tell him to go back again to his work. Now you can't be expected to do exactly that with a bank manager. He is in what people call a position of trust, rolling the words that are so fine really on their tongue so that they become an offence. But still the directors can in effect do for him what the wise employer does with the peccant errand-boy. Let them begin by realising that he is a conscript who has drawn an unlucky number. Then let them strip him of the hypocrisy which when he came into their room covered him like a garment; let them, remembering that they are all men together, convince him of his folly, and then—well, then give him a small retiring pension and let him go. The world, and his directors, all, all have helped to bring about his fall. Those that can should make him see that no fall is irretrievable.

And if you think I am talking nonsense reflect for a minute on your children and their little sins. Is it not true that they seem to you monstrous, unforgivable? And yet—and yet, if you will cast your mind back thirty years or so, did you not do the same, and worse, much worse? But often you were not found out. Punishment, light or heavy, never fell on you for the sins that were not remembered. Surely you remember that, as compared with what you actually did, from day to day, from year to year, what did come to light was in bulk the merest trifle? And, in its way, hasn't the same luck followed you through life? I don't mean to suggest that you have robbed



6399 + France.
CONDEMNED BY AMERICAN PARSONS AS A REVIVAL OF PAGANISM: DANCING ON THE BEACH IN NEW YORK.

Parsons of various denominations are protesting against the dancing on the sands at fashionable American bathing resorts as a revival of paganism. But the pastime is very fashionable, and the seaside police deny the charges of the clerical critics.

Photograph by Bain, New York.



6399 + France.
DO YOU AGREE WITH THE PRIEST? BEACH TANGOISTS NOT SO BARE AS THEY'RE PAINTED.

A well-known New York priest has recently denounced the beach-dancing which is very popular at New York seaside resorts, warning New York to beware of the fate of the Cities of the Plains. "Men and women," he says, "dance in their bathing-suits, but one degree, and that a very thin degree, removed from nudity. These shameful creatures, locked in each other's arms, whirl, sway, bend and dip upon the sand with every evidence of excitement and pleasure, both in themselves and in the assembled throng."—[Photograph by Topical.]

a bank, or betrayed a trust, or been unfaithful to your wife, but—well, there are such things on your mind that the man shamed should shame you too.

“The Sketch” Supplement to the “Encyclopædia of Sport”!



XI.—DECOYING THE SEA-COW IN THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



LONDON BY NIGHT—THE CRAB TREE CLUB.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

ONE floor, two floors, three floors—heaven cannot be much harder to get there! It is all right for crabs, creatures of strong pincers and persistency, and, furthermore, unencumbered by a skirt which makes up by the length of its train and the narrowness of its width across the knees for the short cut and the latitude of its bodice. One of the rules your riding-master is most insistent upon is, "Be sure of your stirrups." One of the most important advices modern mamma gives her girl when they part on

gited members of the Club might preserve for the Londoners of the future a sort of artistic pilgrimage such as *La Maison des Amours Dorés* in Pompeii. The sentimental value of old buildings does not count much with the London iconoclasts, but the tangible artistic stamp of a period might, perhaps, arrest the demolisher's pick in mid-air. I can imagine the big black-and-yellow posters that would, several centuries hence, scream to the passer-by, and the paragraph to which they would refer—

Soho Sensation! In one of the deserted districts of old London, in a tumble-down old street that was to be sacrificed for sanitary reasons, a curious room has been discovered, the walls of which, under a thick layer of dirt and futile decoration dating from that poor pictorial period of 1915 or thereabouts, still showed traces of remarkable mural designs. Their sublime simplicity would seem to indicate a period of pure primitiveness. At the base of several of these frescoes a faint signature, Augustus John—no doubt a whimsical inversion for John Augustus—is still legible. Our foremost artists, archaeologists, and architects are having a special conference to discuss the possibility of these frescoes having been stuck on to the garret walls after careful removal from the walls of a subterranean house dating from the Roman occupation. The verisimilitude of such a theory is accentuated by the fact that the street where the house stands used to be called Greek Street.

Fourthly—alas! my Latin has come to an end—I would have a board put up with the following notice: "You all who have entered, do not look as if you had left all hope in the cloak-room!" It is not a reason, because you are a lot of English artists assembled together, to look so determined to die. We know, ladies, that you have no dagger hidden in your garter, and that you do not frequent Apaches. We know, boys of all ages, that you are awfully nice, respectable men, in spite of your careful carelessness in clothes, and though you would dearly like to fray your cuffs with a pocket-knife if you dared! Don't pretend to be desperately naughty and dreadfully unconventional people because you belong to a night club in London. True, you are successfully noisy, but you don't seem to believe in your happiness somehow, none of you—except, perhaps, big Leander with his laughter, *bon enfant*, and his *bon-papa* pipe! Don't take your diapason from whispering, somnambulistic Simeon, who always looks as if seeking a sweet form of suicide. His is merely the attitude of a poet pausing before the coming of *la grande passion*—so he says! I believe he suffers from too many speeches and too little sleep!*

Mademoiselle over there with the red kerchief, dark eyes, and pale face, you who are so fond of elegiac songs modernised in the you-absolutely-forced-me-to-worship-you tone, rumour has it you are going to be married soon—look it, girl, look it! Smile, and don't be afraid to appear young and happy. Do not be ashamed of showing your throat; throw that red rag off your neck—it is no longer the fashion in Montmartre!

WHEN GREEK JOINS GREEK—IN GREEK STREET:
A TANGO STUDY AT THE CRAB TREE CLUB.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS



FREQUENTERS OF LONDON'S QUARTIER LATIN: PORTRAIT-SKETCHES
AT THE CRAB TREE CLUB.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

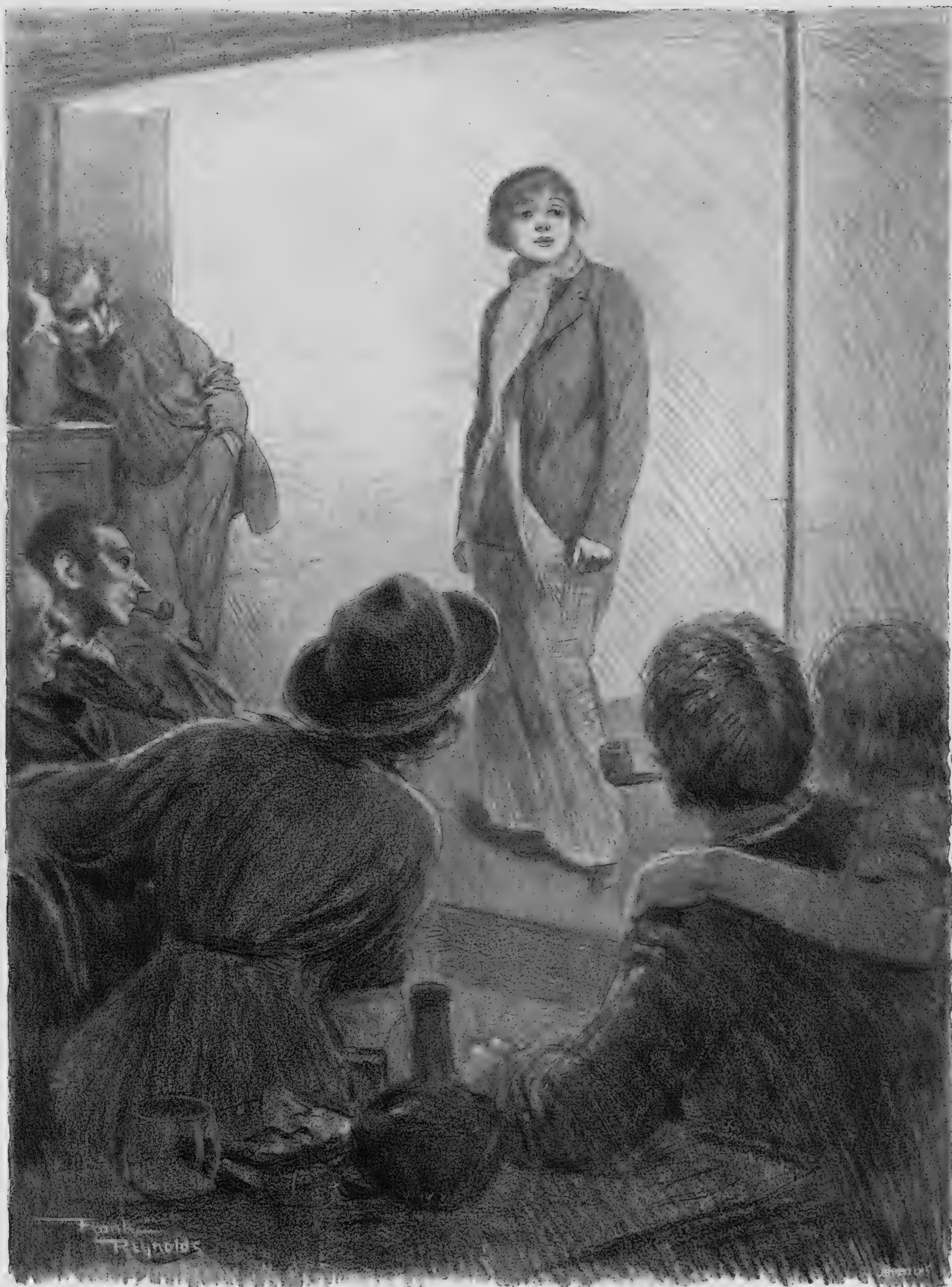
their way to their respective parties is, "Maud, mind your shoulder-straps!" (By the way, is not this a ripping title for a revue?) Everything, you see, hangs on those shoulder-straps now that waists and hips are as extinct as the—moles' eyes! (You did expect I was going to say the dodo, didn't you? But the dodo is one of my pet aversions.) I have left myself standing on one leg, so to speak, on the third storey of the Crab Tree Club. Let me still ascend, and enter in the large, plain room furnished with chairs, small tables, a trestle counter for drink, a piano, a platform upon which you can dance and from which you can sing—if nature, and the other people, allow you! It is not a magic platform—it won't make you sing!

Now, had I the management of that pleasant haunt, I would bring a few changes *illico*—No, Mademoiselle the Typist, no; it does not mean illicit in French, it is Latin for "the twinkling of an eye." *Primo*: The first move would be a change from top to bottom—that is, during the hot weather I would revel in the cellar, leaving the garret-gathering for the winter. *Secundo*: Each storey would be arranged as a sociable and sympathetic stopping-place: two arm-chairs (or, better still, one large one), lots of cushions, and a bush of evergreen—decidedly not palms! Palms never fulfil their purpose. These suggestions come spontaneously out of my unselfish heart. I was merely thinking of other people's convenience; and, in a place consisting merely of steps, little landing retreats, where Maud could pick up her garter and mamma take her breath, are rather a good notion, don't you think? Personally I go to the Crab Tree Club once in a—how say you?—once in a honeymoon, or once in a blue moon? I never know! I feel such an outsider at the Crab Tree Club: my hair is not cut short, and I do not wear a red handkerchief round my throat like the ladies who are the life and ornament of the Club. To find oneself at the Crab after an evening at the Opera—one does feel rather overskinned among the shirt-sleeved and the short-serge-skirted members!

Tertio: Though there is nothing more effective as a background than white-washed walls, is it not to be deplored that the Crab Tree Club will go down to posterity as a mere name?—while, by enriching the walls with mementos from their brush, pen, and pencils, the

* Leander and Simeon are, of course, fancy names! I would not give the dear men away for anything—why, they may have a family, perhaps even a wife.

London by Night: No. II. The Crab Tree Club.



"YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU"—IN GREEK STREET.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



THE MOST PROMINENT OF "PUGS." : GEORGES CARPENTIER ; AND VARIOUS OTHER KNIGHTS OF THE RING.*

The "Boy Boxer" and "Futures." "Prominent Pugilists" of to-day is sure of a welcome. The boxing boom shows no signs of imminent waning, and, quite apart from that,

Mr. Lynch's book is capital reading, not only for those who know all about the Ring, but for those who are not far removed from the lady who was amazed to find that the place of the "pugs" meeting is by no means as circular as Shakespeare's "Wooden O." The names and the deeds of famous fighting men fill its pages—Georges Carpentier; Gunboat Smith; Freddy Welsh; Bombardier "Billy" Wells, the temperamental, who came out of India, where he beat the heavy-weight Private Clohessy; Gunner Moir; Fred Storbeck, of South Africa; Al. Palzer; Tom Kennedy, the millionaire boxer; Pat O'Keefe, middle-weight, boxing instructor to the Irish Guards, who fought fifteen rounds with Eddy McGoorty, in which there was neither holding nor clinching—a thing which may happen in one contest in a thousand; Colin Bell; Bandsman Blake; Ritchie; Packey McFarland; Jem Driscoll; Matt Wells, the ex-amateur; Johnny Summers, the compact welter-weight; the Dixie Kid; Harry Stone; Jimmy Britt; Charles Ledoux—after Carpentier, perhaps the first boxer in France; Digger Stanley; Johnny Hughes; Frank Klaus; Billy Papke; Jeff Smith; Joe Jeanette and Sam Langford; Kid Lewis; Spike Robson; and Jimmy Wilde, who "if he could only scale nine stone at the rate he is boxing now . . . might reasonably be expected to win the Heavy-weight Championship of the World." These be names to conjure with—and draw purses. Mr. Lynch is interesting about all. From them, for the purposes of this column, we take Georges Carpentier, for the "Boy Boxer" whose contest with Smith of the "Gunboat" feet had so unsatisfactory an ending the other day is, as it were, the Cashel Byron of the period. And think of his coming engagements as the *Times* sets them down: "M. Descamps said he had given his word to Bombardier Wells . . . that Carpentier and Wells should meet for a third time after the two contests with Lurie and Ahearn had been decided. Carpentier will meet Lurie on Aug. 9 for the French Heavy-weight Championship, and he takes his task so lightly that he has not hesitated to engage himself to fight young Ahearn eight days later. After these contests Carpentier will go into the country, and there remain until the end of September. By the middle of October or in November he will be ready for Wells, and then Gunboat Smith once again."

Georges Carpentier, the Pit-Boy, Begins.

This brisk "future" is well in accord with Carpentier's career. He has fought all his life, with little breathing space. As a result, he has fame and fortune. He is not yet twenty-one and some considerable time ago his total winnings were estimated at £25,000! "It is not only by

hard fighting that the boxer makes money. He has, fairly often, a good share in the cinematograph pictures of his performances, and, on becoming a public character and a national hero, can command a high wage if he spars a round or two with a friend on the stage of a music-hall."

So it comes about that the French youngster is a shareholder in the very colliery at Lens in which he laboured as a pit-boy for five francs a week. It was at Lens, near Calais, Mr. Lynch will tell you, that Carpentier was born, on January 12, 1894, the son of a collier whose wife added to the family's funds by keeping a little wine-shop; it was at Lens that Georges, in due course, went underground as pit-boy; it was at Lens that the lad who was to become the White Heavy-weight Champion first put on the gloves. François Descamps ran a gymnasium in the place. With other youngsters of the town, Georges Carpentier went there of an evening. He was one of the smaller "gymnasts" and was forbidden to use the boxing-gloves, which Descamps, ahead of his time in France, numbered amongst his paraphernalia. "But young Carpentier liked the look of the gloves and thought he would try his hands in them and with them, so that it happened one evening when Descamps had been out and returned unexpectedly, that he took Master Georges in the very act, not only of disobeying rules, but of thumping most heartily a boy considerably bigger than himself. Of course, he was duly rated for this; but nevertheless Descamps kept his weather-eye open on the lad from that evening onwards." Thus began the close association of fine boxer and astute manager.

Carpentier Turns Professional.

A little later, Descamps, realising that Carpentier was a natural boxer, sought the boy's parents and persuaded them to let their son turn to "putting up his Dukes" as a professional. Georges was delighted. He learned readily, and when he was under fourteen he won his way through to the final of a competition, as an amateur, only to be beaten then. In the following year he became a professional, and faced a full-grown, muscular American who had come to Lens as one of a troupe of "English boxers" attached to a travelling circus. The "Yankee" was knocked out by the "little boy." Then Georges met Moinereau, of Paris, and gave him the K.O. in three rounds. His first serious encounter, however, was with Kid Salmon—

twenty rounds with four-ounce gloves. During the eighteenth round Carpentier was knocked down, but the referee decided that the blow was a foul, and Georges was given the verdict. This made Carpentier, aged fourteen, Champion of France at 7 st. 2 lb.—not a great thing, but encouraging as a start! In a return match, Carpentier lost and had a really bad hiding. The rest is History: it may be read in entertaining detail in Mr. Lynch's book; with, as we have already said, many a very entertaining note about other boxers whose names are familiar to all.



SLATIN PASHA, MARRIED LAST WEEK TO BARONESS OTTILIE VON RAMBERG (NÉE COUNTESS OF BREDA).

Slatin Pasha, Baron Rudolf Carl Slatin of Austria, G.C.V.O., etc., British Inspector-General of the Sudan, Hon. Major-General of the British Army, and Lieutenant-General of the Egyptian Army, left London for Vienna on July 18 for his wedding to a daughter of an Austrian General of Cavalry. Slatin Pasha was born in 1857, left Vienna for the Sudan in 1878, and was appointed by General Gordon Governor of Darfur. He was for twelve years the Mahdi's prisoner.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

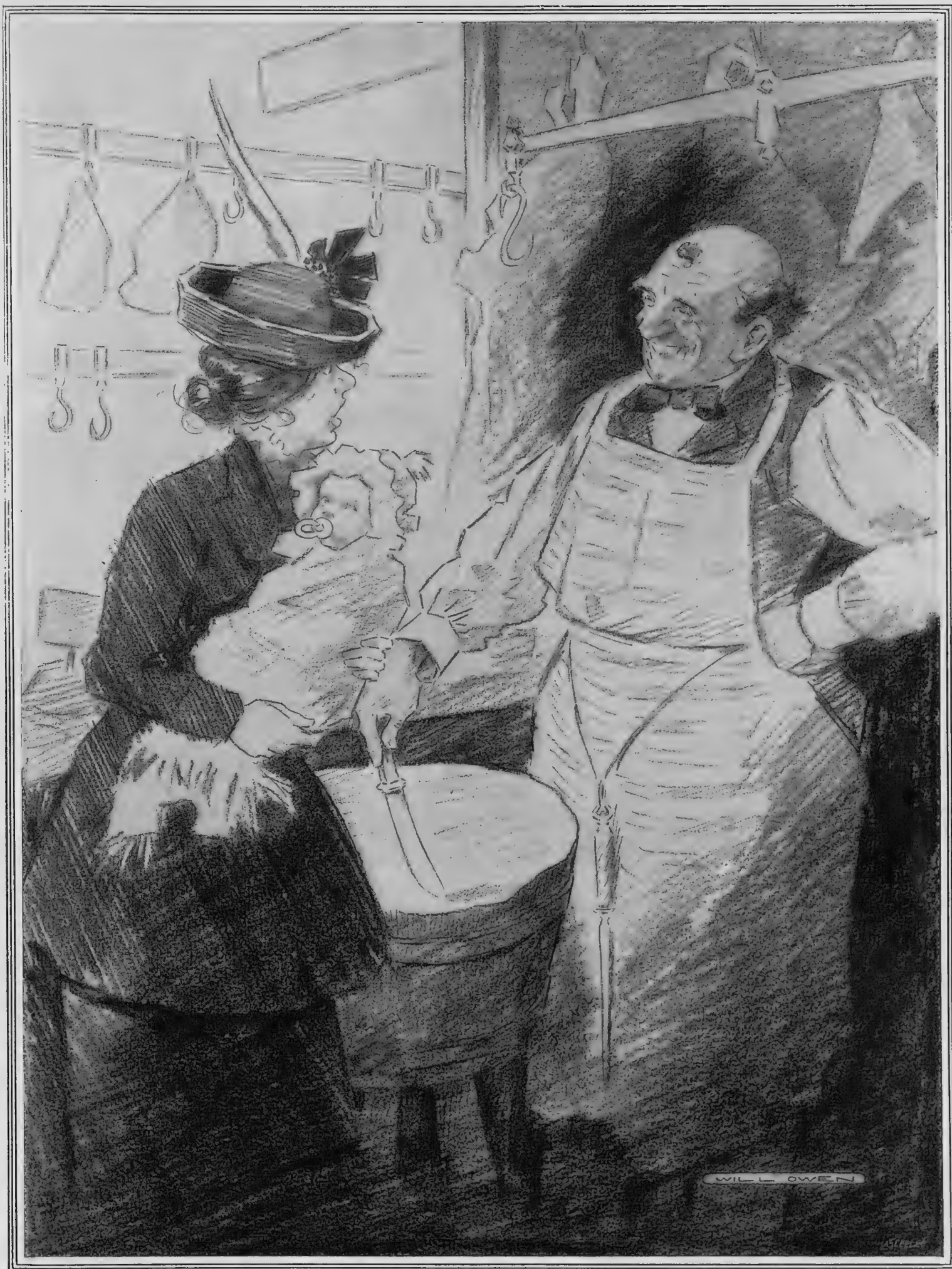


A NEW SPORT FOR THE COMING WINTER SEASON: SLEDGING IN SWITZERLAND WITH POLAR DOGS.

A new sport has been introduced into Switzerland this season by the Jungfrau Railway Company, who have imported a team of Arctic dogs for sledging and ski-jöring on the glaciers. The dogs are of the same type as those to be used by Sir Ernest Shackleton on his Antarctic Expedition.—[Photograph by C.N.]

* "Prominent Pugilists of To-Day." By J. G. B. Lynch, formerly Captain of the Oxford University Boxing Club. Illustrated. (Max Goschen, Ltd.; 2s. 6d. net.)

A CHANGE FROM LAMB — PRIME KID.



THE FOND MOTHER (*to the local butcher*): Would yer mind weighing my kiddie, Mr. Bittock?
MR. BITTOCK: Yes, Mum — *with the bones?*

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE WEED: A FARCICAL ROMANCE.

By MARGARET CHUTE.

His name was Cuthbert.

That wasn't altogether his fault, though he went out of his way to encourage himself in Cuthbertish behaviour, for which he deserved—and received—censure.

I make no apologies for him. He is no friend of mine. I am writing a story about him, truly; but even at this early stage he strikes me as such a beastly bounder that I'm more than half inclined to scratch out the name on the first line, call him John, or Adam, or Tommy—and write another story altogether.

But, somehow, Cuthbert sticks in my mind. He stuck in the minds of a good many people, one way and the other. It was a little habit of his. A young man with vacuous eyes, a hollow chest, gaudy silk socks, and a criminal taste in waistcoats is the sort of horrid object that *does* stick in one's mind. At least, that's my point of view.

He was known as the Weed. In his ancestral halls, in clubs, at Ranelagh, Henley, and other Society amphitheatres, it was never surprising to hear someone exclaim in sorrow and anger, "Here comes the Weed!" Then a concave figure in a sickening suit, with an expensive cigarette dangling from a wobbly lower lip, would heave itself above the horizon. And that was the Weed!

You don't like him? Neither do I. Have I attempted to disguise that fact from you? Indeed no! My contempt for him is wholesome and whole-hearted. I never did like spotty-faced youths strongly scented with Egyptian tobacco and Indian Hay—or whatever happens to be "the" odour of the moment.

But we are not getting along with the Weed. Few people did, and I don't blame them. He went everywhere, knew everyone, and was the most unpopular creature in the world. Society accepted him because his noble and wealthy parents happened to be the sort of people one *must* know. And the Weed was thrown in as part of the goodwill.

His mother had given him up as a hopeless creation years ago. His father saw him as seldom as possible, and then through half-closed eyes. Of a large and terrifying batch of relatives—half "Debrett," "Who's Who," and "What's Which," in fact—nobody liked him. Indeed, their sole desire was to avoid him as much as possible; and to marry him, at an early date, to some eminently suitable and thoroughly dull young female.

With this laudable object in view, his mother cultivated the parents of a certain Martha Fitzgumble—a haughty young aristocrat with scanty raven locks, a snub nose, an incipient moustache, and a keen eye for husbands.

Having recently inspected herself in the glass, Miss Fitzgumble, like a wise woman, met the decidedly lukewarm advances of the Weed rather more than half-way. That horrid youth, bored but resigned, told his mother he "supposed she'd do!"—meaning the good Martha—and everything was going well when a bombshell exploded and wrecked the whole scheme.

One fatal night, at supper, the Weed met Miss Pearl Venus, of the Frivolity. And from that moment the good Martha became a non-starter in the Cuthbert stakes.

To those who know Miss Pearl Venus this contretemps will scarcely prove surprising. She was young; she was beautiful. Over the application of pearl-powder, lip-salve, and eye-black she was considered an expert.

She earned four pounds a week as a "Show Lady" at the Frivolity. On the strength of that magnificent salary she ordered a new hat every other day, bought her clothes in Bond Street, "ran about" in a neat little landaulette, and exhibited a marked penchant for pearls. . . . It is marvellous what can be done on four pounds a week—at the Frivolity!

This radiant vision, in flame-pink tulle and a staggering aigrette, found herself sitting next to the Weed at a merry little supper-party *à quatre* one evening. And the Weed succumbed on the spot.

He was not used to chorus-girls. His appearance proved rather a drawback with Ladies of the Limelight. "Go out with *that*?" they giggled. "Not much, old sport!"—and hopped off with something that did not wear a spotty face, concave chest, and awful socks. Stupidly, they did not wait to ascertain that the unappetising youth with the silly name would one day be a belted Earl. Had they done so, Cuthbert's experience of chorus fairies might have been wider.

As it was, Miss Pearl Venus proved an eye-opener. Now this

dear little bundle of tulle and cosmetics was no fool. On the contrary, she possessed a brain that was both sharp and cunning—and a memory that seldom played her false.

"How-de-do?" she drawled languidly, offering her reddened finger-tips.

"Charmed—oh, charmed!" spluttered the Weed, flopping feebly into a chair on her left. One glance—such a casual glance—from those innocent blue eyes had stunned him.

Miss Venus, fidgeting with a gold cigarette-case and its accompaniments, decided to make herself as charming as possible.

"I think I know your father—Lord—er—St. Martyns, isn't he? I thought so! Such a dear, sweet thing; I met him at—er—Ranelagh, I think, last summer."

"Did you, really? Awfully jolly, what?" murmured the eldest hope of Lord St. Martyns.

Miss Venus inspected him, sideways, under heavy, darkened eyelashes. He was simply odious, she concluded; but—

"I could never forget him," she said slowly. She had a habit of speaking slowly: it is easier, then, to disguise an accent which does not spring from Mayfair. "So charming—so distinguished: you are very like him—I should have known you anywhere."

The Weed gurgled, grew scarlet, and murmured idiotic sentences into her left ear. What a stunner—what a ripper! With girls like *this* knocking about, his crazy family wanted him to marry snub-nosed Martha Fitzgumble? Not in a thousand years!

Besides, he rather thought he'd made an impression on Miss Venus—and he had, though not precisely in the way he imagined.

"What *ages* they are fetching the champagne!" complained that lady. "Oh, here it is! D'you know"—turning to Cuthbert—"if my father saw me drinking this stuff he'd never forgive me—*never*. He's a clergyman in the country, and he can't *bear*—yes, fill it up, please!"

A clergyman's daughter! What a delightful surprise—clergy-men's daughters, alluring by name and nature, were something new to the Weed.

The supper-party progressed apace. Miss Venus ate and drank with vigour, and talked faster as the hour wore on. Finally, head over heels in love, the Weed saw her home, and left her—with permission to call the following afternoon—having gazed adoringly into her shining eyes, and pressed her slender fingers with hateful fervour.

He called. His suit was atrocious, his face was foolish, his adoration was obvious.

Feeling slightly sick, Miss Venus used her wits—and they were sharp ones—pumping him carefully as to his past, his present, and his future.

Thus she ascertained that he had a fairly large income at the moment; that he hated girls—*most* girls; that he was supposed to marry a hideous specimen called Martha Fitzgumble; that he didn't think he loved her; and that he would one day become Lord St. Martyns, with a town house, a large rent-roll, two country seats, and a shooting-box in Scotland.

"Good Lord!" gasped Miss Venus, caught napping.

"I beg your pardon?" queried the Weed.

"I—I said 'good luck!'" lied the lady. "Splendid luck, I call it, to inherit all those lovely things." She signed artistically. "Oh, dear, I wish I thought I should ever possess a *quarter* of them!"

"You can!" stammered Cuthbert fervently. "You can—all of 'em, if you like. Pearl—dear, beautiful Pearl—I love you—I adore you!"

Miss Venus took a deep breath, shut her eyes, and allowed him his head.

Then the Weed gave his celebrated impersonation of a lover—a frantic, passionate lover. It was a nasty sight. Fortunately, Miss Venus didn't see much of it, because she kept her eyes shut. But the little she did see convinced her that the Weed, in his latest rôle, was impossible.

When he had raved himself hoarse, she gently declined to give him any sort of answer—then.

"Why, you haven't known me twenty-four hours," she told him. "And what about Martha Fitz—what's-her-name?"

"Oh, let her go to the devil!" raged the Weed. His hair was ruffled, the creases in his trousers were ruined, his collar was limp, but he loved her—Pearl Venus, simple daughter of a simple country parson—so what did anything matter?

"Go away," begged the lady; "you really *must*! . . . Oh, all right; ring me up to-morrow, and I'll see if I can give you an answer."

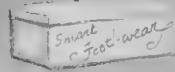
[Continued overleaf.]

Lessons in Editing: How to Conduct an Illustrated Paper.

CONFETTI: ACTUAL SIZE THROWN



FOOT-WEAR WORN BY THE BRIDE



HEAD-WEAR WORN BY THE BRIDEGROOM



THE CAKE



FINGER-WEAR WORN BY THE BRIDE AFTER THE CEREMONY



FOR SALE.

But when to-morrow came Miss Venus refused to speak to the Weed or to see him. For a week she shut herself from his sight, whereat he pined and sighed, and grew more impossible than ever. As for the aristocratic but homely Miss Fitzgumble, she ordered mourning and took to auction bridge.

At last, after an endless week, the Weed heard the telephone-bell whirring.

"Hallo?" inquired the voice of his dreams. "Is that you? This is Pearl Venus. Listen, I've been thinking things over—and I'll be engaged to you if you like. . . . Oh, don't make such a row! Yes; I said 'engaged' . . . yes. That's settled, then. No; I can't see you to-day—very busy with a new play. To-morrow, if I can. So long, dear boy."

The receiver clicked at her end; and the Weed, trembling, deposited his telephone on its stand and rushed out to buy a ring.

The following morning every paper in London contained a paragraph to the effect that Cuthbert, eldest son of Lord St. Martyns, would shortly marry Miss Pearl Venus, one of the loveliest of many lovely Frivolity girls.

Illustrated dailies condescended to find space for photographs of the happy pair—good of Miss Venus, non-committal of the Weed. Miss Venus was also interviewed, and modestly announced her intention of remaining on the stage. This statement was tacked on to some soulful remarks about "Art."

When the news burst upon the St. Martyns household, there was, in the Weed's own language, "the dickens of a row." The inhabitants of "Debrett," "Who's Who," etc., etc., backed by his unhappy parents, stormed and wept, and besought the Weed to draw back before it was too late.

For one whole day his life became a burden. Pearl refused to see him—theatrical business was her plea—and his relatives seized their chance to be as nasty as possible.

Finally, even the Weed jibbed.

"Look here," he piped furiously, before an assembled family council, "I'm fed up with all this rot! She's a clergyman's daughter, and I love her—and she loves me—and I'm going to marry her!"

"I don't believe it," stated his father. "She'll chuck you—mark my words."

The Weed grew purple, then pale, and clutched his tie. "She won't," he spluttered, "she won't! She loves me. . . . Martha? Oh, don't talk to me about Martha! Look here, you're all so jolly certain Pearl won't marry me—well, I'll make you a solemn promise now. If she doesn't, I—I'll marry Martha, dashed if I won't—and that's all I've got to say. Good-bye!"

He bounced out of the house, and spent several anguished hours waiting for supper-time and his appointment with Miss Venus.

Smiling and calm, she appeared; and they sought a quiet corner in a smart restaurant.

"There's been a perfectly fierce shindy over our engagement," began the Weed.

Miss Venus laughed. "Has there?" she replied. "Well, I'm not surprised."

A large velvet bag with silver trimmings lay on the table, and into this vast receptacle she dived hurriedly.

"Poor dears—were they fearfully mad?" she went on, still smiling. "It's a shame to keep them in suspense, isn't it? So, Cuthbert dear, we'd better put them out of their misery as soon as possible. Look!"

She extended her left hand along the table, and the Weed, petrified, stared at it. It was ringless, with the exception of the third finger, whereon reposed a plain smooth circle of gold. . . .

"Goo' Lord!" he whispered weakly. "Oh—goo' Lord!"

Miss Venus shook herself, and laughed.

"It was a mean trick—I admit it," she said, and started diving into her bag again. "But I didn't ask you to make love to me! You really were a bit of a nuisance—and all the time you were nearly engaged to another unsuspecting female! So I thought, Cuthbert dear, I'd give you a little lesson."

He was listening, open-mouthed, looking like a stunned cod-fish.

"I wanted a 'leg-up' in my profession badly, and though I tried to steer clear of you at first, it suddenly struck me that you might be useful to me—you and the newspapers between you. That's why I said I'd be engaged to you!"

"Goo' Lord!" repeated the Weed.

"And you have been useful to me!" She drew a long, folded paper from her bag. "This, my dear Cuthbert, is my contract for the new show at the Frivolity, for a decent part and a jolly fine salary. I signed it to-day. . . . I've been fighting for that part for ages, and the announcement of our engagement turned the scale in my favour. It was a hard battle—and I won. This means a real 'chance' for me—on the stage and off. Thank you for helping me—though you didn't know it till now."

For several minutes the Weed was silent, wretchedly silent.

"Then you won't marry me?" he found strength to say at last.

"Sorry, but I can't. I've got a husband—on the Stock Exchange—already. . . . If you remember, Cuthbert, I never promised to marry you—only to be engaged to you. Well, I've been engaged to you—and I've got what I wanted. So I couldn't think of causing family ructions any longer."

Slowly, from the innermost recesses of her bag, she extracted a glittering ring, which she dropped on the table near the Weed's plate.

"It's awfully pretty," she said, "but I can't wear it, thanks very much. . . . Why don't you give it to Martha Fitz-thingummy?"

"I shall!" asserted the Weed, with ire. And he did. . . .

I told you he was impossible, didn't I? As for his Fate—he deserved it.

THE END.



THEN THERE CAME A LITTLE FURROW ON HIS BROW.

THE TOURIST (spending a week-end in the village, to the eldest inhabitant): Well, I don't know what you do here. It's certainly the most dead-and-alive show I was ever in.

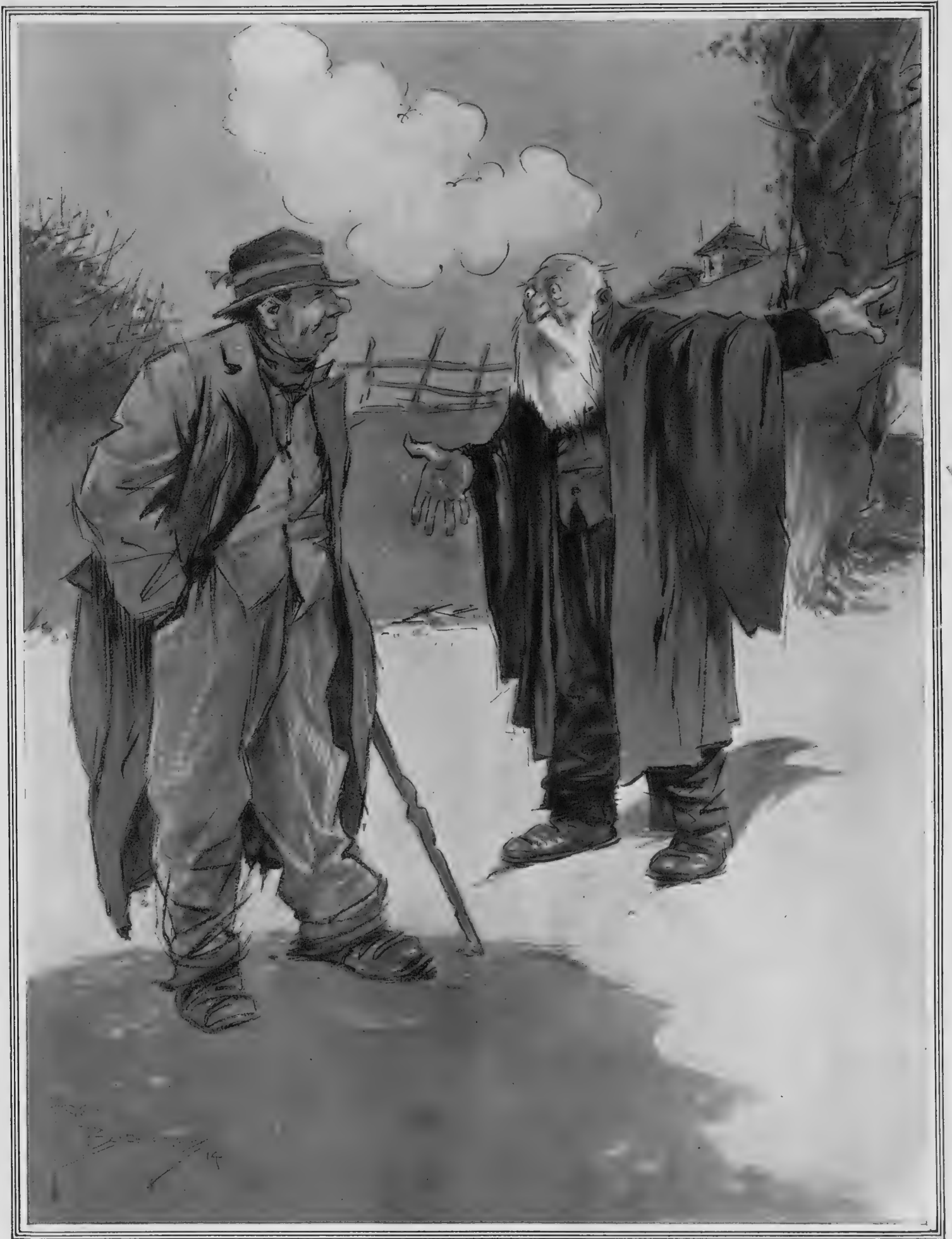
THE OLDEST INHABITANT: Ah, you ought to wait till next week, Zur, and see how the place 'ull be stirred up then.

THE TOURIST: Why, what's on next week?

THE OLDEST INHABITANT: Ploughin'.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

NO WONDER PARSONS DON'T LIKE GOLF ON SUNDAYS!



THE SEXTON (*breathlessly, to Gentleman of the Road*): For goodness' sake—won't ye step back—to the church wi' me—'ere's the Parson absolootly bustin'—to say "My dear brethren"—and there ain't another soul—in the congregation but me!

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS MARRIED TO A WELL-KNOWN GOLFER.



1. THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING ST. JAMES' CHURCH, WESTBOURNE TERRACE.

3. MISS MARIE LÖHR, ANOTHER CHARMING ACTRESS FRIEND, ARRIVING FOR THE WEDDING.

2. THE HON. MRS. MAURICE BRETT (MISS ZENA DARE) AND MISS BLANCHE STOCKER ARRIVING.

4. MISS IRENE VANBRUGH (ON THE RIGHT), AND MISS DORA SEVENING, SISTER OF THE BRIDE.

Miss Nina Sevensing, the well-known actress, daughter of Mr. F. W. Sevensing, of St. John's Wood, was married at St. James's, Westbourne Park Terrace, to Mr. Victor C. H. Longstaffe, the well-known Cambridge golfer. The ceremony had been postponed until

the finish of the run of "The Clever Ones," the successful comedy in which the bride was appearing. A large number of theatrical celebrities attended the wedding. Little silver horse-shoes were thrown at the happy pair in place of the usual confetti.

Photographs by Alfieri, and P.I.C.



ON THE LINKS

SUITABLE GIFTS FOR PRIZES: PRESENTATION CLUBS FOR THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT: DR. WILSON'S BREACH.

Concerning Gift Clubs.

I remember that an excellent golfer of great experience and wisdom was once captain of a golfing society, and it was customary for the chief officer in each year to make a present of some kind to the society which was to be competed for by the members. This was the Captain's Prize, and the contest for it was one of the events of the season. I appreciate the desire for novelty on these occasions. Rose-bowls have been done to death, simple cups are quite impossible

transmission to the White House at Washington are beauties. They are so good, so adaptable in their points, that, knowing as I do that the President is only an immature sort of golfer, even if an enthusiastic one, and that his tastes and systems are not yet exactly developed, I think they have an excellent chance of being the exception that will prove the rule I suggested at the top of this page. President Wilson is very keen, and he became keener as soon as he became President,

so that now he plays nearly as much golf as did his predecessor, Mr. Taft, who was the first golfing President of the United States. I was at Washington two years ago, and heard the most splendid tales one afternoon at the White House about how Mr. Taft was one of the most persistent men at the game who had ever been born, and not only would get his round in every day at Chevy Chase when it was possible, but, playing it, would insist on getting out of every bunker in which his ball was caught, if it cost him a hundred strokes. There is something about Mr. Taft as a golfer, in spirit and action, that I came to like, and, without any reference to their politics, Dr. Wilson might do worse than follow in his predecessor's footsteps so far as this matter is concerned.



AT THE SHIRLEY PARK GOLF CLUB: THE CLUB HOUSE.

The new Shirley Park links at Croydon are handy for Londoners. The course is just over 6300 yards long, and it should in time become one of the best of its kind. At present the fairway and greens are somewhat rough.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

any more, and I almost think that it were better if a captain gave a signed photograph of himself, or even a lock of his hair, rather than some of the trophies of painfully conventional kind that captains without imagination do sometimes give. But captains who would be original should be thoughtful too, and the one to whom I referred at the outset of this note determined that he would give to the winner of the special competition a very fine set of clubs, all ordered, made, and paid for beforehand. Now I cannot see the sense of this kind of thing, can you? A man who wins the first prize in a golf competition, even if it is under handicap, must have had some experience at the game and know what is what. Probably he has bought scores, perhaps hundreds, of clubs in his time, and is firmly wedded to his set. Even if he is not, it is surely a thousand to one against clubs that come into his possession in such a haphazard way as this, without having been chosen to suit his requirements, being the least use for him. Apart from that, every man likes to choose his own golf-clubs, and is very much inclined to look all gift-horses in the mouth.

A Present for the President.

I mention these matters for two reasons, the first being that there are now so many golf societies that every man of fairly respectable character has a good chance of becoming a captain of one of them, whether he can play the game or not, and it were well, therefore, that he should prepare himself for the dignity and its duties; and, secondly, because at one of the big hotels in the Strand the other day there was a very fine gathering of the best Americans, at which the cousin of Dr. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, was in attendance, and there received for transmission to the President a fine new set of golf clubs that the members of this gathering had purchased for him. The order had been most excellently executed by James Braid, who was present on this occasion, and expressed a pious hope that some time he might be playing with Dr. Wilson, and that on that occasion he might not miss so many short putts as is his most recent custom. If anybody in the world can make a set of golf-clubs splendidly suitable to an occasion of this kind, that man is James Braid, and the set that he made for

Dr. Wilson is Wrong.

I see that the other day the President got into a scrape at one of the Washington golf clubs, and did not realise that he was in the wrong until afterwards. The party in front were by no means out of range, and one of them signalled back to the President (whose identity he did not know at the time) not to play, as he saw he was about to do. But the President disregarded the warning, played, and nearly struck the man in front on the head. No golfer is going to stand this sort of thing, and the irritated player went back and just told the President what he thought of him, and commended to his perusal the "Etiquette of Golf." Dr. Wilson was mightily angry, and

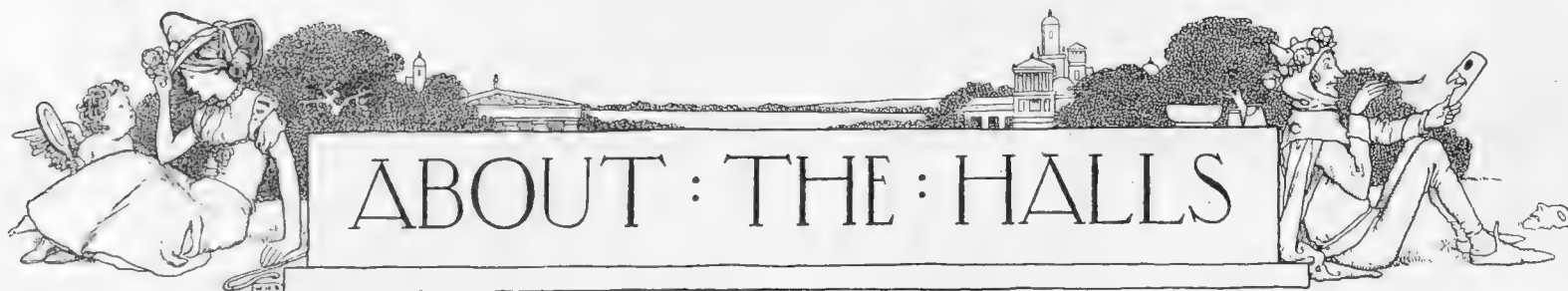


NEW LINKS FOR LONDON GOLFERS: THE TENTH GREEN OF THE SHIRLEY PARK CLUB, NEAR CROYDON.

The new links at Shirley Park, Croydon, were opened recently by the Lord Mayor—with a remarkable stroke, by the way, which we illustrated in our last Issue. The above photograph shows a part of the course near the tenth green.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]

immediately left the course. Subsequently the member learned that it was to no other than the President that he had been giving a piece of his mind, and wrote an apology; and at the same time Dr. Wilson realised that he was much in the wrong, and wrote accordingly—and so the matter ends in a fairly amicable way.

HENRY LEACH.



THE CHORUS GIRL: A SUMMONS TO COURT: SWANKERS BY THE SEA.

AT the Palladium one night last week I saw a very nice and eminently cheerful little sketch. It was called "The Chorus Girl," and was the work of Mr. Harry Grattan; while the music was by Mr. Hermann Darewski. Two scenes sufficed for it: the first representing the waiting-room outside the office of the distinguished Mr. Edwards, the London theatrical manager. Here we were introduced to Jepp, a comic commissionaire, and to Miss Doris Graham, a chorus girl. The lady has come there of malice prepense, as she has come continuously for several days. She has heard that the leading-lady in the piece in which she is engaged is about to marry a Peer, and she has come with designs upon her part. But day after day she has waited in vain for a sight of the great man, and to-day it looks as if history is about to repeat itself. After a bright little scene with the commissionaire, he is summoned by his master, and returns with the piteous story that he has been unduly "ragged" for not providing a new typist to take the place of the one who has just departed; and Miss Graham, as a last resource, persuades Jepp to introduce her as a candidate for the place. In the next scene we find the great man, who, though greatly shocked at his typist's appearance (for she has disguised herself), is delighted to discover in her a young woman who can do his work, and can even translate French. Her flattering ways soon induce him to talk, and she is finally led to recite and to sing the leading song of the departing lady, accompanied by Mr. Carl Mozart, the composer, and he is very pleased to have discovered the very lady for whom he was in search. Only her appearance stands in the way of her engagement, and Miss Graham loses no time in restoring herself to her pristine good looks, which are very considerable; and the piece is over. This sketch is capitally written, and gives chances to Miss Marie Blanche, who is a niece of Miss Ada Blanche, on which she seizes with avidity. She is brightness itself, both in singing and in acting, and keeps the piece going well from beginning to end. "The Chorus Girl" may be accounted a complete success.

"A Summons to Court."

At the Holborn Empire the other evening I witnessed the performance of a curious little piece, which introduced Miss Sydney Fairbrother. The scene is laid in a flat belonging to Mr. Dan Malton, M.P., where we make the acquaintance of Miss Fairbrother as an old servant possessed of a decided taste for the bottle. She has secured the key of the cupboard, and proceeds to half-empty the receptacle in which the whisky is contained before the M.P. and his wife enter. After some recriminations, Mrs. Malton obtains possession of a letter inviting her to Court, which fills her with a triumphant joy

which is not shared by her husband, who is a Labour M.P., and has conscientious scruples against all the flummery of royal Courts. But the good lady will have her way, and proceeds to attire herself in a train, and to place her husband on a table with a view of going through the ceremony of presentation. But she makes such a hopeless muddle of the whole proceeding that the intoxicated handmaiden seizes the things and proceeds to show how it should be done with pomp and precision, finally breaking down into tears and stating that she herself has been presented at Court, and has come down in the world. The end of this one-act piece quite justifies its production, for Miss Sydney Fairbrother plays her part with most artistic success, and makes one overlook the crudity of its inception. She is such a thorough artist that, somehow or other, one does not quite like seeing her imbibing copiously; but the last little touch enabled the spectators almost to forget, and they were obviously impressed by the last scene, and cheered the talented lady lustily as the curtain fell.



THE BUTLER-DETECTIVE-CROOK AND THE PARLOUR-MAID: MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH AND MISS EDYTH GOODALL IN "FROM 9 TO 11," AT WYNDHAM'S.

"From 9 to 11" is a dramatic joke, a wild burlesque of the detective romance which is bewilderingly difficult to follow. Mr. Aynesworth begins as a butler, then becomes a detective, then a "crook" impersonating the detective, and, finally, the butler again. Miss Goodall is sometimes the lurid sweetheart of the "crook," and sometimes a harmless parlour-maid.

Photograph by Wraith and Buys.

simply tells of a small girl who has become rather bored by solitude, and who summons into the house two strolling musicians, who sing divers ditties and generally make themselves quite at home, while the mother and the servant join in the singing, and the small

girl herself gives a pleasant little dance. But the piece goes amazingly well, and on the night on which I was there, brought down the crowded house. It is rarely that one sees a sketch so admirably cast all round. Mr. Courtice Pounds sings "Songs of Araby," and, amongst other things "Jones of the Lancers" to perfection; he cracks little jokes and executes little dances capitally, and is generally the life of the production. He is admirably assisted by his sister and Miss Burt, who keep the fun going fast; while Mr. Sterndale-Bennett, as singer and accompanist, is equally

successful. I was not surprised to find the house so full, and the audience so appreciative, for in these days one but rarely meets such an air of joviality, coupled with such talented singing, and the performers may assuredly look forward to a long career of success for their production, which is exactly the sort of thing that the public enjoys, and would go anywhere to see.

ROVER.



AN M.P.'S DIVORCED WIFE MAKES HER DÉBUT ON THE STAGE: "KATHLEEN KERR" (THE SERVANT) IN "A WOMAN ALONE."

When Mrs. W. K. Clifford's play, "A Woman Alone," was produced at the Little Theatre, Mrs. Carr-Gomm, who was recently divorced by her husband, Mr. H. W. C. Carr-Gomm, M.P., made her début on the stage in the part of a servant.

Photograph by C. N.



HORSE ARTILLERY THAT DISPENSED WITH HORSES: A SUCCESSFUL MOTOR EXPERIMENT.

A Successful Experiment.

Short of actually jumping fences, there really seems little left for the horse to do that the motor-car cannot do infinitely better. For some time past, it is true, there has been a pause in the process of supersession, and the spheres of animal and mechanical locomotion respectively appeared to have become defined on definite and unmistakable lines. But we had forgotten the guns. Surely the dragging of thirteen-pounders was a last surviving privilege of the

expressed himself as astonished and delighted with the display. But even more remarkable was the final stage of the operations. From Waltham the battery was ordered to proceed to Cleethorpes, and there the guns and wagons were drawn over rough ground with amazing celerity, unlimbered in the twinkling of an eye, and to all intents and purposes taken into action. This was indeed trespassing upon the horse's domain, but General Plumer himself averred that the cars made the better showing; while, as for the road work,

they had done in hours what horses could only have accomplished in as many days. A certain sequel of a wonderful day is that motor-car manufacturers will be asked by the War Office to keep couplings on their premises, and should the necessity ever arise of countering an invasion, one may rest assured that there will be no difficulty in getting artillery to the coast in double-quick time, even though, as a measure of defensive precaution, the railway bridges have been blown up, and the high road is the only possible line of transport.

A Striking Record.

Seven years ago the Talbot car gained for itself the sobriquet of "Invincible" by reason of its repeated wins in various forms of competitive events. From that time forward its lustre has been undimmed, and the present season more than maintains its brilliance. The prize-list of Talbot cars in speed and efficiency trials already amounts to sixty firsts alone, in addition to many minor prizes, and the total is only two short of their aggregate wins during the whole of last year's successful season. Particularly striking was the Talbot's display at the recent Saltburn Speed Trials, when they competed in nine events, of which they won seven outright, and gained second place in the remaining two. In the open event for cars of unlimited horse-power, over a

measured kilometre from standing start, the 25-50-h.p. Talbot won in easy fashion, although opposed to cars of up to 120-h.p. rating. Simultaneously a 20-30-h.p. Talbot was winning the open class of the Mid-Staffordshire A.C. Hill Climb, taking both silver medals on time and formula, and the club's Challenge Cup. Among other successes of the current season are those recorded in the Australian Reliability Trial, the Transvaal Reliability Trial, the Victoria Hill



ARTILLERY WITHOUT HORSES: EARL FITZWILLIAM'S MOTOR-BATTERY AT WALTHAM, NEAR GRIMSBY.

Earl Fitzwilliam, commanding the West Riding Territorial Royal Horse Artillery, by means of motors rushed a battery from the Midlands to the coast to repel an imaginary invasion and to prove that guns could be made independent of horses and railways.

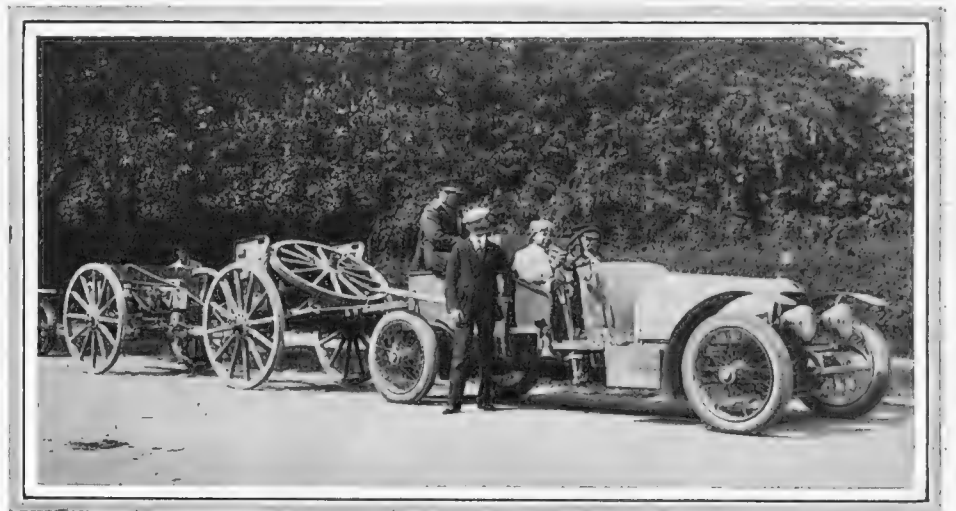
"noble animal"! Even that, however, is now likely to be removed from the horse's province, for what could have been more convincing than Lord Fitzwilliam's experiment with the battery of the West Riding R.H. Artillery, of which he himself is Colonel?

Gun-Hauling by Road.

Most interesting and successful was his demonstration of motor-car efficiency for purposes of defensive warfare. He aspired to convince the War Office that gun-carriages could be drawn long distances by road, and at a high rate of speed, by cars of ordinary pattern, without any preparation of the ordnance other than the lubrication of the hubs or of the cars, and the fitting of the necessary couplings. Four 30-h.p. six-cylinder Sheffield-Simplex cars were attached to gun-carriages, and four more to ammunition-wagons, and the latter were sent off in the small hours to Selby, to collect ammunition, while the former set off later by a somewhat shorter route. The two detachments joined forces at Gainsborough—the ammunition-wagons having travelled 76½ miles, and the guns, 33½. From there they proceeded as a unit to Waltham, forty miles further on, having meanwhile travelled at times at thirty miles an hour; while even uphill the guns were drawn at seventeen. The wheels of the gun-carriages did not collapse; nor did their hubs, which had been treated with a mixture of grease and graphite, show any signs of over-heating. As for the cars themselves, they pulled their 38 cwt. loads, as well as carrying gunners, without the slightest trouble, and far exceeded the pace of seventeen miles an hour which Lord Fitzwilliam had assured the War Office was feasible.

Taken into Action.

This was no hole-and-corner demonstration, by the way, but was attended by military experts, including Sir Edward Ward, late Permanent Under-Secretary for War, together with General Sir Herbert Plumer, Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Brigade, and his Staff officers. It was General Plumer himself who stated, after close observation along the line of route, that the guns were drawn at an average of twenty-one miles an hour, and he



THE MOTOR ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH: WAITING INSTRUCTIONS DURING GENERAL PLUMER'S INSPECTION.

Earl Fitzwilliam's experiment, which was carried out by means of 30-h.p. Sheffield-Simplex chassis, was entirely successful, the motors performing work in a few hours which would have taken four days with horses.

Climb, the Aston Hill Climb, Western-super-Mare Speed Trials, Sheffield and District Petrol Economy Trial, Porthcawl Speed Trials, Colwyn Bay Speed Trials, and a host of others. The list of total successes covers five pages of typed matter, and is indeed the most extraordinary that any single firm has ever been able to boast; and, as the proof of the pudding is proverbially in the eating, these continued triumphs are an undoubted indication of sterling merit.



ONCE more "the Farquhars" have been exceptionally honoured. When their Majesties "dined and danced" with them last week in Grosvenor Square, the Conference was in full swing at Buckingham Palace, and would have made a pretext for the postponement of any social engagement that the King did not genuinely desire to fulfil. After the death of Queen Victoria, the first, or almost the first, of their subjects with whom Edward VII. and

Queen Alexandra dined were Lord and Lady Farquhar; the White House became theirs when Mrs. Hartmann left it, and many other marks of royal esteem came their way in the last reign. King George and Queen Mary are no less friendly, and always manage to keep their Grosvenor Square or Castle Rising appointments, and to make others for Lord and Lady Farquhar at one or other of the royal residences. When Lord Farquhar was stopped by the police for excessive speed on the road, and summonsed, he had the satisfaction of sending his excuses to the magistrate from Balmoral: by "command" he was unable to turn up for a scolding!



TO MARRY MR. T. W. H. INSKIP TO-MORROW (THE 30TH): LADY AUGUSTA ORR-EWING.

Lady Augusta Orr-Ewing is the widow of the late Mr. Charles Orr-Ewing, M.P., and a daughter of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow.

Photograph by Gabell.

Piccadilly. Though Sir Richard Sutton is as far as ever from taking possession of the "In-and-Out" Club and making it his home, he is constantly in Piccadilly. He dines with the D'Erlangers at No. 139, dances, as Lady Wernher's guest, at Bath House, and is often at two of the clubs facing the Green Park. But when he turns host to his hostesses, he has to leave the street of his choice and take them to Claridge's. His party there the other night included Countess Torby and Countesses Zia and Nada Torby—with whom, later in the week, he danced at Bath House.

The Whitewashing of Maeterlinck.

Maeterlinck, whether he likes it or not, is respectable again. Queen Alexandra's exceptional interest in the English production of his play is more than enough to wipe out the Censor's black mark; and nobody seems to remember that six months ago the Papal ban was put upon the whole of the same writer's works. Queen Alexandra's support had the additional weight of being fully considered. She did not attend the first night merely because a lady-in-waiting chanced upon "Monna Vanna" at the Queen's Theatre as a

likely-sounding entertainment, or merely because any Maeterlinckian drama promised a sufficient contrast to the all-conquering "Potash and Perlmutter." Her Majesty went with her eyes open.



TO MARRY MR. HAROLD SMITH, M.P.: MISS JOAN FURNEAUX.

Miss Joan Furneaux is a sister of Mrs. F. E. Smith, (wife of the bridegroom's brother), and a daughter of the late Rev. H. Furneaux.

Photograph by Swaine.



LADY MARCIA JOCELYN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MAJOR ROBERT BLACK WAS ARRANGED FOR YESTERDAY (THE 28TH).

Lady Marcia Valda Jocelyn is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Roden. She was born in 1891.

Photograph by Bassano.



MISS MARY COHEN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. THOMAS COLYER-FERGUSON WAS ARRANGED FOR YESTERDAY (THE 28TH).

Miss Mary Cohen is the third daughter of the Right Hon. Arthur Cohen, K.C.

Photo. by Val l'Estrange.

The Queen and M. Rodin.

What Queen Alexandra does for Maeterlinck, Queen Mary is doing for Rodin. A few years ago the great Frenchman was in the hands of the "advanced crowd." Mrs. Charles Hunter was the only prominent hostess who cared enough for his work to entertain him in London, and even then she arranged her dates so that Royalty and the sculptor did not meet in her drawing-room. His sculpture was always difficult, and much of it extremely ugly; he was a man of genius who, even if he cared a great deal for God, cared less than nothing for the proprieties, and his best things had to be "explained," and sometimes almost explained away. The Queen, in letting him explain them to her himself, has chosen the only wise, and interesting, method.

Princess Mary's Choice.

The meeting between her Majesty and M. Rodin took place at Grosvenor House, and Princess Mary was of the company. The sculptor led the way to a group of his own works, and with the help of many gestures (he has the large, expressive hands of a great craftsman), set forth the ideas that are embodied in his bronzes. He does not divulge the Queen's opinions; but his own view of her Majesty is that she has the readiest sort of understanding of the arts, that she is a critic and *une brave femme*. His chief surprise, however, was Princess Mary's instantaneous appreciation of Renoir, who, ten years ago, was a mystery to the English people.

Inskip—and Out. One thing Mr. Inskip loses in marrying Lady Augusta Orr-Ewing—his little house in North Street. In all things it is the perfect dwelling, except in size; and though he just fitted into it during his bachelorhood, it will not hold a wife.

After the wedding at Largs—the name fights with the idea of a doll's-house—on July 30, they move into other quarters. In any case, the distinguished K.C. needs room for expansion. He is regarded as certain of a Judgeship in the near future.

In Buckingham Street.

Houses in North Street, though small, have come to be greatly fancied by people who believe the smartest thing to do is to live well outside the "smart" districts. This wandering fashion has spread from Westminster to Adelphi, but the Earl of Lytton's recent purchase of a house in Buckingham Street marks the first modern adventure by a Peer in a region which now consists mainly of offices.



MARRIED LAST WEEK: MRS. F. R. R. BROOKE, FORMERLY MISS MARY HENRIETTA MALLORY.

Mrs. F. R. R. Brooke is the daughter of the Rev. H. Leigh Mallory, of Birkenhead.

Photograph by Topical.



MR. F. R. R. BROOKE, WHO MARRIED MISS MARY HENRIETTA MALLORY LAST WEEK.

Mr. F. R. R. Brooke is a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, and a well-known Lancashire cricketer.

Photograph by Topical.



TO MARRY LADY AUGUSTA ORR-EWING TO-MORROW (THE 30TH): MR. T. W. H. INSKIP.

Mr. T. W. H. Inskip is the second son of the late Mr. James Inskip, of Clifton Park House, Bristol.

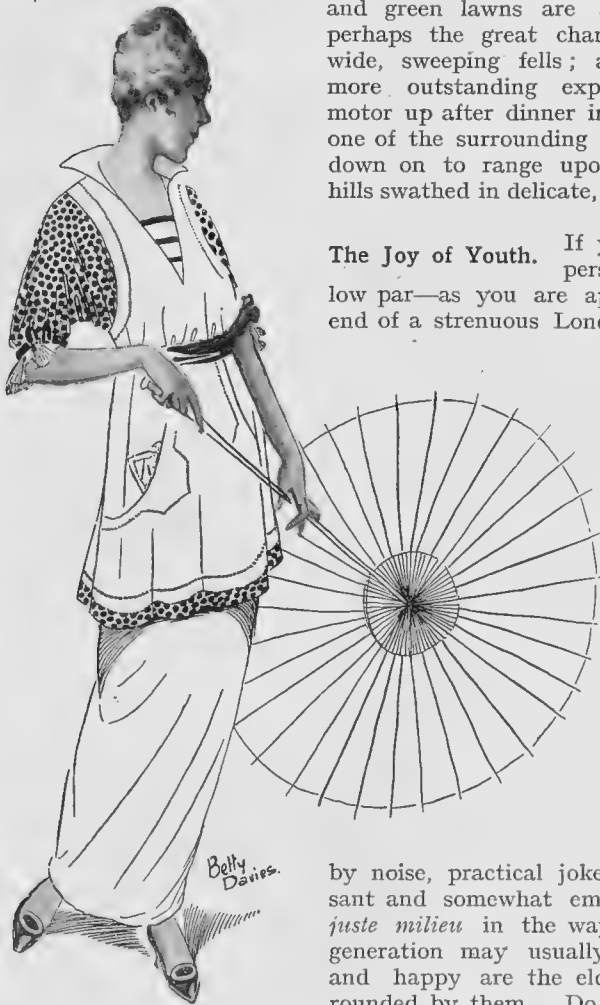
Photograph by Gabell.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Charm of Cumberland.

I think it is the people and the fells together that make up the charm of Cumberland: the folk, who are so dignified and yet so genial; these lesser mountains, with their grand and sweeping lines, which bring repose to the most tired brain. It rains, it is true; but in an hour or two all is serene and sunshiny again, so that this county has the aspect of an April's Lady—one minute all spite, the next all sweetness. These Border people are not so thoroughly pleased with themselves as are the neighbouring Scots, and one hears of quaint invasions of Dumfries during the hunting season, when Cumberland squires and their ladies proceed north of Carlisle to answer, in their persons, some haughty challenge from the other side to exhibit their prowess across country. This is an amusing survival of the old Border raids and skirmishes, but nowadays they end amicably enough at a Hunt Ball or in mutual "rags." How English is Cumberland may be seen from the red-brick houses, the fat haystacks, and, above all, the cottage gardens filled with rare roses. In a cobbler's yesterday I saw exquisite Carl Droshkys and Caroline Testouts such as would have made proud the heart of a Duke. The climate in summer is friendly to flowers, and green lawns are abundant. But perhaps the great charm of all are the wide, sweeping fells; and I know no more outstanding experience than to motor up after dinner in the twilight to one of the surrounding peaks, and look down on to range upon range of long hills swathed in delicate, gauze-like mists.



A CHARMING WASHING FROCK TRIMMED WITH SILK.

The alliance of washing material and silk is shown in this frock. It is made of deep-cream linen and orange-coloured silk with tête-de-nègre spots.

a perpetual entertainment in themselves, as well as a kind of purveyor of pleasure for others. To be surrounded by an atmosphere of Youth is hygienic, because the old make far more demands upon you. To be old is, in the majority of cases, to be disillusioned, to have a grievance, to be nursing a regret, not to mention other more material ailments the recital of which you are not spared.

The Joy of Youth. If you are a tired person, slightly below par—as you are apt to be at the end of a strenuous London season—it is of the highest value, from the mere selfish point of hygiene, to be surrounded with young people of a merry turn. The boys and girls, it is true, must be well bred and as well behaved as it is possible for really modern young creatures to be; otherwise you will be fatigued

by noise, practical jokes, and an incessant and somewhat empty gaiety. The *juste milieu* in the way of the younger generation may usually be discovered, and happy are the elders who are surrounded by them. Do they not display their prowess for you on the tennis-lawn, stay out till midnight catching trout for your breakfast, dance all the latest eccentricities for you of an evening, and find you the most delectable spot in which to go swimming in the river? Are they not adepts at perpetually finding something amusing—not to say unique—to do? In short, they are

"Ragging" and the Girl.

There are worthy people, not abreast of the times, who profess to be vastly shocked at the modern young girl's proclivity for "ragging." I see no reason to be angry, or even anxious, about this symptom. It is all part of the freer life, the absence of mental straps and chains, the love of games, fun, and even of strife which the girl of to-day shares with her brothers. Therefore she joins in a "rag"—when such things are about—with much of the zeal and the gaiety of heart with which the young man joins in the fray. For "ragging" is not modern at all; it is a sport old as the hills themselves, and frankly pagan. It partakes of that kind of ecstasy in which Maenads and Bacchantes shared, and in which they often surpassed the men. The numerous well-born young girls who are to be found in the ranks of Militant Suffragists are probably imbued with some such fever. Youth has its special enthusiasms, so that when war comes you have every lad of spirit rushing to join the colours of each contending army; and in the present Woman's War on things evil it is not surprising that feminine health, strength, and courage are freely offered. That this special kind of warfare is undoubtedly doing harm to this important question of the Suffrage is beside the question. The point is that the girl and the hour are here.

An Observer of the Younger Generation.

One of our most acute observers of social changes, Miss Gertrude Kingston, has an illuminating article in the *Nineteenth Century* on the girl of the year 1914. "We meet on every side just now the maiden of Greuze-like juvenility, but with the challenging colour of a Nattier and the naughty ankle of a Fragonard. Short in stature, diminutive of circumference, slim though wiry, this fragile-looking rose," declares Miss Kingston, "has the constitution of a thistle." It is not for nothing that this observer compares the younger feminine generation to French types, for it is an undoubted fact that the English girls now emerging from the "flapper" age are amazingly French in appearance. The young giantesses of ten years ago seem to have disappeared, or are now occupied with small people of their own; the type is no longer tall and weedy, but middle-sized, compact, and well proportioned. Their prowess in games and sports is amazing, and this asset of health, vitality, and strength is no doubt due to their careful bringing-up in the aristocracy and the upper-middle class. Miss Kingston has an ingenious theory that this type of fragile-looking but tough Young Person—born in the early eighteen-nineties—is a result of her mother's horror of huge, badly brought up families, her small frame being due to her female parent's low nervous vitality. Our essayist finds this type "stupid, smiling, self-satisfied," and "solemnly intent on a pleasant to-day, with no fear of a hideous to-morrow." It is certain that the girls of a former generation were more thoughtful and better equipped mentally; but, on the whole, I don't know that they were as well balanced or as reasonable companions as the pretty young creatures of to-day.



DRAPED WITH FUTURIST SILK: AN ORCHID CHARMEUSE GOWN.

A chic little garment in pale orchid charmeuse with a "bustle" drapery of a deeper shade of Futurist silk. This silk, with the addition of a chenille fringe, furnishes the trimming on the skirt.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 11.

THIS PAINFUL PAY-DAY.

A PART from grave periods of crisis, we cannot recall any Settlement which has cut into prices all round so deeply as the account which arrives at its unhonoured conclusion this Wednesday. The slump has been so catholic that it embraced Canadians, Brazilians, Home Rails, Yankees, Trunks, Argentine Rails, Nigers, Kaffirs, Mysore, Copper shares—the whole Stock Exchange collections pretty well, Mexicans and Brewery stocks being amongst the few exceptions. At the end of last week was scarcely a whole spot to be found in any of the markets throughout the House.

The break-up of the Buckingham Palace Conference, profoundly regrettable as it was that the parties concerned could not agree as to terms, had comparatively little influence in the Stock Exchange, where members argued that the failure merely left matters where they stood before the King invited The Nine.

What scared the House into semi-panic, however, was the situation between Austria and Serbia. The Balkans business all over again, except for being on a larger scale, was a prospect that alarmed the Continental Bourses, and let loose a torrent of selling upon the Yankee and Tinto Markets, with Canadas in the leading part. The fall, as usual, became cumulative. Each drop uncovered fresh stop-orders or exhausted more margin. Fitful rallies from the worst followed successive falls, but the carry-over showed literally big differences against the bull party, and to-day—

Well, we shall see what we shall see.

THE MEXICAN MARKETS.

Mexican matters are manifestly on the mend. One writes this much in fear and trembling, lest Huerta may reappear, Carranza collapse, and all the old confusion start over again. But at this particular moment the affairs of the Republic do look as if they were straightening out, and in all the malaise of the markets at the end of last week Mexican securities offered a show of resistance to the prevailing slump.

The holders of Mexican Railway stocks have probably accommodated themselves to the likelihood of the dividends being passed once more on the two Preference issues. This facing of the fact is reflected in the strength of quotations. Present proprietors intend, evidently and rationally enough, to wait for better times, to see the thing through, to reap due reward for their courage in sticking to their stock throughout the black days of the revolution. This is the best thing they can do, we venture to think, and, in spite of normal contango-rates, we believe it to be the case that bears abound. They have to get back their stock some time or other.

Of the Utility issues, the Bonds of the Tramway and the various Light and Power Companies are likely to recover ground slowly. From the financial point of view, one of the most marked features of the revolution has been the respect paid by both parties to the rights of private property. No doubt more money—a lot more money—will be required adequately to re-equip the industrial arms of Mexico: the Railways will probably send their hat round with the rest. But as soon as it becomes tolerably certain that peace is secure, there will not be much trouble in raising fresh capital for the various concerns; and here again it would seem to be the wisest course for holders to await the brighter days, better prices, which the present outlook at least presumes.

RUBBER TRUST REPORT.

The perennially optimistic Mr. Arthur Lampard will have need of all his well-known skill to persuade the critics that a depreciation item of £198,000 can be lightly treated as temporary, and therefore requiring no allowance or provision in the balance-sheet of the Rubber Plantations Investment Trust. We must admit unaffected regret that the Board of a Company of such standing should have lacked the courage necessary to go to their shareholders and to say frankly that, as the year had been a lean and difficult one for all Rubber Trusts, the best course was to make the most of a bad job, devote profits to depreciation, and pay no final dividend at all. We feel little doubt but that such action would have won hearty endorsement from the majority of the shareholders, and that the effect upon the market price of the shares would have been no worse than what has actually happened.

What seems to us a very open question is whether the Rubber Plantations Investment Trust will be able to develop its younger properties up to the producing stage without making further appeals to the shareholders for funds to do it with. At the date of the balance-sheet, March 31, the Company owed its bankers £257,000, and although against this there is the uncalled liability of 10s. per share and a list of investments totalling nearly £900,000, the debt is large enough to make people think, in times like these. It makes one wonder whether the Trust will not be obliged to call up some of the liability, having regard to the necessity for financing the younger properties; and we take it that a call on the shares would have

an extremely jarring effect upon the price at such a time as the present.

Mr. Lampard's speech will be awaited with interest not unmingled with anxiety, as the papers might say, and, pending it, our advice would be of the very negative order to those who sought it on the point of whether they ought to buy.

"Q" AND KAFFIRS.

We have received the following interesting Note, on Kaffir conditions, from our correspondent "Q." That prices should have slumped so heavily in the all-round demoralisation, affects the case only as giving prospective buyers the additional advantage of acquiring stock more cheaply. "Q" writes—

If the times were not so sadly out of joint there can be little doubt that we should be witnessing something like a boom in certain South African Mining shares. A certain amount of quiet buying is going on, but the general public will, as usual, wait till prices have gone better. There are two main causes for the great improvement in the position—the first is the prospect of a better labour supply. Not only are the natives recovering from the shock caused by the unrest in July last year, but—perhaps more important still—the managers of the mines are learning, by improved methods and an increasing use of rock-drill machines, to make the same amount of native labour go much further than it used. The following extract from the evidence of Mr. R. W. Schumacher, the Chairman of Rand Mines, before the Dominion's Royal Commission on April 6, 1914, will illustrate what I mean. Mr. Schumacher was asked, "Can you give any tables showing the tonnage mined per native as compared with the previous years?" He replied, "I have no tables prepared, but, as I have indicated in my statement, the efficiency of the native—that is to say, the work done by the native, either with his hands or with the aid of rock-drill machines—has greatly increased in the comparatively near past. I mention in my statement the Crown Mines' figures for the last month of 1913, which show that, with exactly the same labour force as at the end of 1909, they milled 62,000 more tons than in 1909; and I also refer to the New Modderfontein. At the beginning of 1913 the New Modderfontein had a total of 4600 natives in its employ. During the year the mine effected various economies and completed its system of unification underground, and I think I am safe in saying that we can do the same work to-day with 1000 boys less." The fact is that the mine managers of the Rand have learned their lesson from adversity, and, by better organisation and the increasing use of rock-drills, are in a fair way to solve what has always been their greatest difficulty—the chronic shortage of native labour. What this will mean in the shape of increasing profits all over the field it is difficult to over-estimate. The second cause which is going to bring about a great improvement in the position of particular mines is the wonderful development, which is going on in the Eastern Rand. Not so long ago the prospects of any mine to the east of the New Modderfontein, and even those of the New Modderfontein itself, were regarded as very doubtful. Now attention is being more and more concentrated on this quarter, and everything points to the fact that the Rand is extending eastwards.

If I am asked, as I daresay some of my readers will be inclined to ask, "Assuming that the facts are as you state above, and that conditions on the Rand are making for an improvement, what are the best shares to buy?" I should be inclined to answer, "New Modderfontein shares and City Deep shares." I think these shares can be bought at present prices with every prospect of improving in value, and of making a very large return to an investor. In a further article I will enter more into detail and explain why I favour these shares.

Q.

By curious coincidence it will be noticed that our Stock Exchange contributor happens to underline "Q's" views on Kaffirs, and also mentions Modders for a profitable purchase.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

(Back again, you see. How do you do? Been making any money lately? Good! Don't run your bear too long, though. No; can't say I have. Just luck, bad luck, you know. You suggest judgment may have been at fault too? Ah, well, I daresay you're right. There's a lot in what you say, at any rate. Quite a lot. Time to what? Oh, to close the bracket. All right then, here you are.)

Plain men—wouldn't the Other Sex be wild if one used the adjective about them!—plain men may be growing exasperated and indignant that the getting of their bread-and-butter should be so greatly hampered by the political game. Politics apart, as we say when we are about to make some highly controversial statement, it is absurd to contemplate our own business in the Stock Exchange simply killed because a handful of quarrelsome politicians can't reach agreement over a question that does not appear to the Plain Man as being at all impossible of solution. Don't start: I'm not weighing in just now with any scheme of how the thing ought to be done. You could settle it much better than I, that is certain. All that concerns me is that the Stock Exchange is at the mercy of politics—Irish politics too—and I fail to see any sense in it whatever. Private convictions are cheap nowadays, so I trust there will be forgiveness for mentioning my assurance that if English soldiers were sent to fight either party in Ireland, both Ulster and Nationalist Volunteers would combine as one man to drive them out again.

However, here we are, and the only thing to do is to grin and bear whatever we are bulls of.

Bad times we have seen before: good times, too, only fewer of them. Each has been succeeded by the other, especially the one, as no Ulsterman would say. History has so often repeated itself in the past that we have no right to suppose it will decline to do so again. Therefore, it is plain as mud that the bad times won't last for ever. In days of boom, we can see no end to the rises—"Market's good as gold," "Not a share to be bought," "Can't afford to let 'em go back," "By-and-bye, of course, but not just yet," "Bound to run until the summer holidays, anyway"—do you recognise any of these phrases, I wonder? Haven't they ever cost you money? Nevertheless, the boom does stop, marvellous to say; prices

[Continued on page 130.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Season's After-Claps.

So far as London is concerned, the season has passed into the realms of memory—rather a troubled and confused memory too. We regard it as success or failure from a personal point of view glibly enough: either we have had a good time or we have not. When we attempt to classify it as a general social institution uncertainty assails us, and the memory is confused and blurred. The one thing which has gone gaily and well is a dance given privately. The big dances for philanthropic purposes this year have not had the social support enjoyed by similar undertakings in former years—the second, the Midnight Ball, proved a tremendous financial and enjoyable success without it. Ascot, as the zenith of the season, was all that could be expected in the way of brilliance and beauty; on the other hand, neither the Derby, the Oaks, the Jubilee Stakes, nor the Eclipse Stakes Meetings were nearly so socially interesting as usual. There were, of course, two blows dealt to festivity at critical times—the death of the Duke of Argyll and the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and the Duchess of Hohenberg. These sad events and political crises decreed that the King and Queen should attend no private dances—a fact greatly deplored in Society. There has been a feeling of bad times, chiefly emanating from the Stock Exchange, that has very materially decreased expenditure, and so the season has proved unsatisfactory to tradespeople. The majority of young people have, however, thoroughly enjoyed it, and we have been able to rejoice in real summer weather.

A Friend of Children.

Hans Sachs was a genial philosopher as well as a thoroughly reliable shoemaker; he was immensely interested in and helpful to his clients without doubt. He has in Daniel Neal a modern successor who makes shoes for the comfort, good shape, and well-being of little feet, and studies the tastes and pleasures of their owners. He has issued a little booklet on soap-bubble-blowing that is a compendium of the



ENGAGED TO MR. GEOFFREY HOWARD:
MISS EDITH EDINGER.

Miss Edinger is the daughter of Mr. Otto Henry Edinger, of Cadogan Square. Mr. Geoffrey Howard is the son of Mr. Eliot Howard, of Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

Photograph by Yevonde.

whole art of that fascinating pastime. Not only are the children clearly told how to blow soap-bubbles, but by text and illustration are instructed how to become real artists in bubble-blowing and to obtain astonishing and very pretty effects. Daniel Neal's reputation is more lasting than bubbles; for eighty years he has had the tradition of best shoes for children, who will also appreciate his thought for them and will love his bubbles-book, which can be obtained from Daniel Neal and Sons, Ltd., through the post from 124-126, High Street, Kensington, or by calling at 68-70, Edgware Road; 123, High Street, Putney; or at the first address given above.

Fresh Air to the Skin.

English skins love fresh air, just as the people inside them do. A newly invented face-cream introduced by the well-known manufacturing chemists, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., called Ven-Yusa Crème-de-Luxe has a new vital force in its element of oxygen—another word for fresh air—which, applied to the skin in this novel and non-greasy preparation, is remarkably beneficial to it. It leaves behind not a tiny trace of greasiness, and it is guaranteed not to grow hair. It is put up in opal jars enclosed in dainty cases of Wedgwood blue and silver. Ven Yusa super-creamed toilet-soap is a capital complement to it. It is equally good in quality, and, with the Crème-de-Luxe, has secured a very high place in the favour of fashionable ladies.

Fresh Woods and Pastures New.

All the world is moving nowadays, making trips little or big. It is at such times that we appreciate such splendid specialists in conveniences for travelling as John Pound and Co., who have given years and years to study and to practical experiment in producing the lightest, most durable, most compact, and most perfect kind of cases and

trunks. At any of their establishments—81-84, Leadenhall Street; 268-270, Oxford Street; 67, Piccadilly; 177-178, Tottenham Court Road; or 243, Brompton Road—a selection of really wonderfully strong, light, and cheap travelling-cases can be seen. One is of brown vulcanite fibre; it is extraordinarily light, and is neat and leather-like in appearance. It can be sat upon or stood and stamped upon, so strong is it; and the price for the 18-inch size is 13s.; for 24-inch size, 17s. The firm's empty dressing-case for ladies, extra light weight, in several sizes and styles, with moiré pockets to carry the owner's own fittings, are wonderfully convenient, and can be bought from 30s. For longer journeyings, especially abroad, compressed-fibre trunks of Premier Brand have few rivals and no superiors. They have leather corners and strong locks and tray, they are covered with painted flax-canvas and have hard wood hoops turned over and riveted; the prices, according to size, begin at 40s. 6d. Drawer-trunks and tray suit-cases are also very popular. One can only, however, in limited space, give a hint of the possibilities of the conveniences and luxuries for travellers brought to such a high standard of perfection in lightness and compactness, and such moderation in price, by John Pound and Co. A visit before making packing arrangements will be found well worth while.

Goodwood the Glorious.

I expect the race-meeting of this week earned its title through the appeal which its glorious surroundings and fine invigorating air make to the jaded Londoners at the close of more or less strenuous seasons. It is a charming function, and a very picturesque one. All the great houses—and most of those which make no claim to greatness, but are just English country homes—in the neighbourhood are full

this week, and there is a great deal of gaiety hinging on the races.

Nature Successfully Simulated.

If you use Zenobia perfume, and having washed the handkerchiefs on which it has been sprinkled and spread them out to dry, you see bees settling on them by the dozen, you will know that Nature has been successfully simulated. A lady living in Surrey observed this phenomenon, and, testing it, removed the handkerchiefs and spread others, which had never



DAUGHTERS OF THE CHINESE MINISTER: THE MISSES
AMY AND MAY LEW YUK LIN.

The Misses Lew Yuk Lin have both been educated in England, and are very popular in Society. They are returning to China with their father on his retirement.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

been perfumed, in their places. The bees would have nothing to do with them. Again replacing the first handkerchiefs, back came the bees, feeling that here was something which by the scent was honeyed. Whether they had a case against the distiller's of Zenobia for attracting them under false pretences was probably put to a bee council, which is considering the verdict.



ENGAGED TO COUNT WILHELM VON SOLMS-SONNENWALDE: COUNTESS ISABELLA BENTINCK.

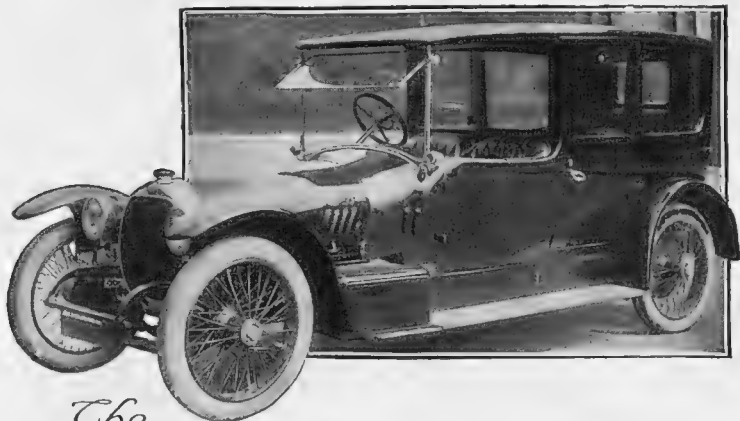
Countess Isabella Bentinck is the youngest daughter of the late Count and Countess Bentinck. Count Wilhelm is in the Prussian Life Guard Hussars.

Photograph by Lafayette.

£1000 INSURANCE. See Cover 3.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Nicolson; Caught by the Camera; Doll-Collecting; "Monna Vanna," at the Queen's Theatre; Mr. Seymour Hicks in a Prehistoric Part; Lady Lisburne; Doña Julia Helena Martinez de Hoz; Miss Gabrielle Ray; "Sketch" Photographic Interviews—"Potash and Perlmutter."



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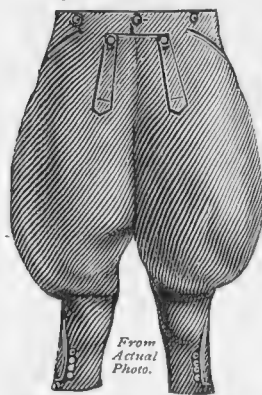
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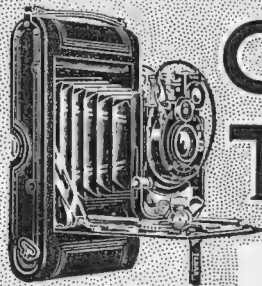
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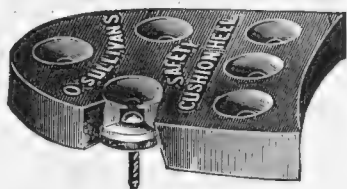
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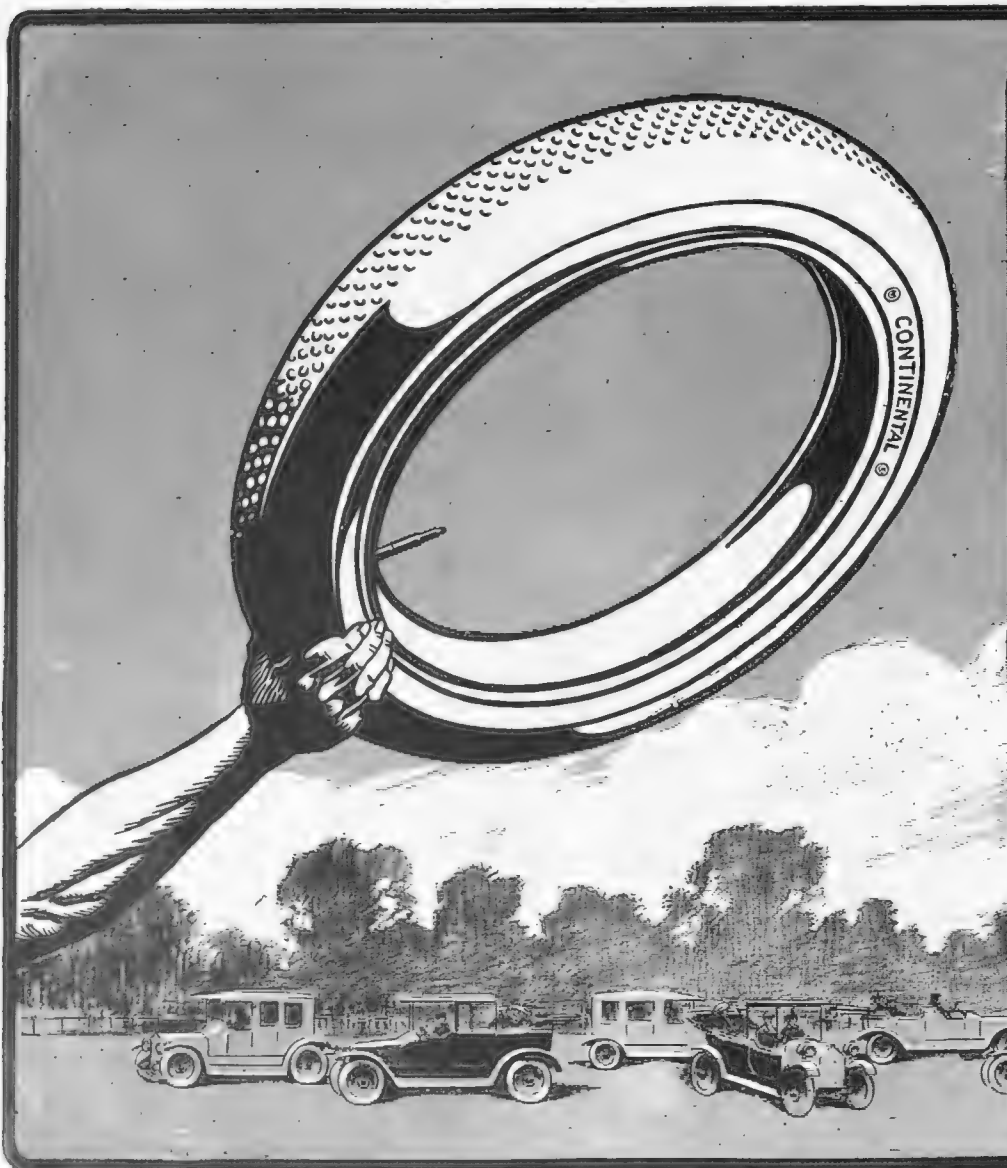
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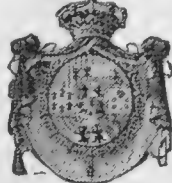
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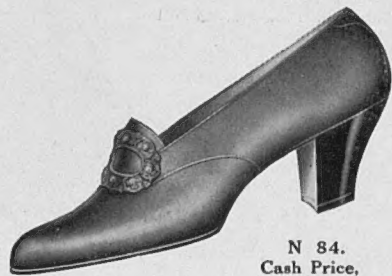


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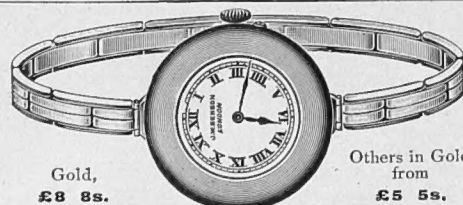
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NOTES FROM THE OPERA-HOUSES. THE REVIVAL OF "FALSTAFF."

VERDI, in his eightieth year and with half-a-century's experience of writing for the stage, gave his final message to the world in terms of musician's music. "Falstaff" was promptly tried at Covent Garden, the verdict was "Guilty with Extenuating Circumstances," and the sentence was twenty years' imprisonment in the library of the Grand Opera Syndicate. The sentence expired last week, when "Falstaff," no worse for the long incarceration, was restored to the stage before a considerable circle of friends young and old. We may hold that the sentence was unjust, that the judge and jury were biased, but no harm has been done. The truth is that the judges—they are called critics—recognised the innocence and the fine qualities of the accused from the first: they were powerless to override the verdict of the jury, who pay to deliver it. Even to-day it is a little difficult to be sure that the jury will be led by the judges' latest summing-up; the only hope lies in the fact that the former know more about the matter than they did in 1894, when such early indiscretions of Verdi as "La Traviata" and "Il Trovatore" were regarded as masterpieces.

That "Falstaff" holds some of the finest music written for the service of Grand Opera in the nineteenth century nobody will deny. The characterisation, the sense of humour, the part-writing are alike masterly in a sense foreign to any of Verdi's contemporaries—in short, one must go back to Mozart to find the man who in writing opera brought as many gifts to the completion of the task. Unfortunately, the convention of Mozart's time that scattered full closes throughout every scene, and insisted upon stretches of recitative, is an extremely irritating one, and makes much of the composer's loveliest music seem strangely old-fashioned, while it hampers the flow of stage action. Verdi, when he wrote "Falstaff," was using a modern idiom; he had assimilated the latest developments of the younger composers, and he associated with a new method the old, supreme, and unailing mastery of melodic outline.

In short, he surrendered no gift that belonged of right to himself—he merely made use of the most modern form of expression, of which he had recognised the value. That a man of his age should have been able to produce a work full in turn of humour, poetry, and lyric rapture shows that he was old only in years; his heart was as young as in the early days, when poverty and politicians made his labour difficult. From last week's revival two performances stand out—that of Signor Polacco in the orchestra and that of Signor Scotti on the stage. The first-named handled the score with consummate skill, and held together some of the choruses that

would have been better for even a little more rehearsal. He was at his best in the great fugue on which the curtain falls: there is nothing to be compared with it in opera, unless it be the finale to the second act of "Die Meistersinger." Under Signor Polacco's incisive beat the elaborate utterance was clear and impressive, and produced a great effect upon those whose respect for noble music was even greater than the desire to be placed in the great race for the exits. Scotti's Falstaff is a masterpiece, and takes a place in the gallery of his remarkable creations. It must be hard for an Italian to enter into the spirit of a part that is so essentially English, and there are countless difficulties to be overcome, not the least being the recent revivals of Shakespeare's "Henry IV." and "Merry Wives of Windsor." The English convention has been fixed by great actors, and yet Signor Scotti's Falstaff, for all that he sings in Italian, is English. If there was any fault to be found, it was that such a performance made some of those associated with it seem a little handicapped. Nobody else was on the same artistic plane, and some of the women were Italian opera-singers all the time. Mention must be made of the delightful mounting and effective dressing of the opera; the scene in Windsor Forest made almost as sure an appeal to the eye as the accompanying music made to the ear.

The charm of "Francesca da Rimini" is revealed more clearly at a second hearing, and though some of the faults are more conspicuous too—the worst being a tendency to forget that the orchestra and the human voice are not developing their resources at the same pace—the opera is emphatically one that demands serious attention. It should be revived next year for the benefit of those to whom the present production comes too late. The Giovanni of Francesco Cigada has become one of the finest individual performances.

A strenuous season is now at an end; both Drury Lane and Covent Garden have closed their doors. Rumour is extremely busy about the prospects of next summer, and it is stated that a Mozart Festival will be part of the Covent Garden programme. The full effect of the competition between two opera-houses lying side by side has yet to be gauged: it may be less disastrous than has been suggested. Certainly there have been nights when each house appeared to be "playing to capacity," and, granted equality of appeal, there should be no difficulty in filling both on one and the same evening. It cannot be denied that Covent Garden affords better sight and hearing, and that Drury Lane calls for certain modifications if every ticket-holder is to see all he is intended to see. Competition may hurt those who are directly party to it: the general public has much to be thankful for, and will, it may be hoped, hold the balance of patronage fairly.



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